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The Funny Magzin of India

"A DIGNIFIED DELIGHTOR"

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF ... 8-JAN 1934 MADRAS

VOL. I | MADRAS, 5TH DECEMBER, 1933. | NO. 9

1977

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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol I. | MADRAS, 5th DECEMBER, 1933. | No. 9

OF KINGS AND CABBAGES.

World Teacher Krishnamurti has found "That Unalloyed Happiness"—without any golden alloy from late Dr. Annie Besant.

• • • •

Herr Hitler's Disarmament evidently means scrapping all his war material by using them against enemies of Germany.

• • • •

Muslim Leaders want the Jews to get into the Biblical Palestine, not into Modern Palestine where Arabs and Moslems have settled.

* *

Japan goes on better than the charitable. Indian woman who gives "rice for a song." Japan gives a bag of rice for a rupee.

* *

H.E. Lady Willingdon is angelic in her movements: she flew from Delhi to Lahore and back, to present flags to the contingents participating in the All-India Guiders' Training Camp.

* *

British Debating Team participate in debates on all subjects: just like some of our own *sound* and sonorous patriot politicians.

• • • •

"Germany Never Disarmed," says a Belgian Senator. Quite likely, because the Allies never gave a chance to Germany on a battle-field.

* *

Principal Rollo's advice to Sjt Satyamurti, "Good man, before you fight for the Rights of man in the Indian States, don't hasten to injure the relations of love and regard between the Maharaja and his Subjects."

Excellent advice to Mysoreans or Siamese. King Praja dhipok and Queen Ramabhai of Siam are loved by their subjects so that the Revolutions are by these that grab at power.

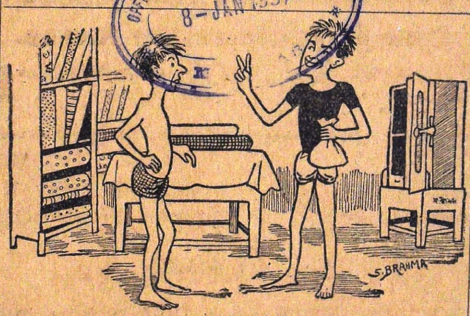
• • •

The man who dies a millionaire leaves much to be desired.

• • • •

This week's philosophic Thought. Friendship the gin in the bitters of life.

• • •



1st Burglar: Gidda, I have taken the cash; you take two silk dhoties. Don't forget; we want them for our puja.

2nd Burglar: It is only for the silk cloth for our puja that we came here. Who will forget it!

A mother-in-law is a relation *on the wife's side.*

* *

Most men take lunch in the city because it's pleasant to be able to give orders somewhere.

* *

A man's sins may find him out, but his wife will be on the job first.

* *

Hindi—the State Language of Baroda—When will other states follow?

* *

So, H. H. the Gaekwar has not forgotten Baroda. Or, perhaps his Dewan V. T Krishnama Chari won't let him forget Baroda.

* *

Bravo, Sir Patro; our future Law Member! He never sailed in vain that sailed round the Round Table.

• • • •

Nor can Dewan Bahadur Ramasami, nor Sir, C. P. Ramaswami, if one fishes out Law, another gets the Loaf.

• • • •

Only like the Fowls of the Air, they should neither spin (on Charka) nor weave. Our Father Willingdon of the Happy Family will provide even as he doth feed the ravens.

BHAI FUNZIN - - - - - - ANNOUNCES

PRIZES AND PRESENTS

Beloved Everybody.

So many intelligent Solutions—Thousands of them—are coming in for the Puzzles: It is a pleasure to see the Herald of the Noisy World bringing them to us.

"Bhai Funzin."

This Issue brings you the last of the Four Sets.

Go Ahead and Try as Quick and Smart you can.

From the Happy New Year, there will be Prizes for Lucky Numbers. Keep your "Funny" Copy; Maybe you are one of the Lucky Ones.

Why Not?

Quite a Number of Lucky Number Prizes there are. Likely You get one: Only keep your Funny Copy and Watch.

So many Readers write to say that our Serial "Jagat—Jwala" was a Tonic to the Youth, Delightful, and Elevating—a hearty appreciation which is sure to make Funny brighter Yet.

The New Year "Funny" will be a Happy one along with the Happy New Year with many New features. Let us meet and Greet with New Year "Funny."

Yours Cheerfully.

BHAI FUNZIN.

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THE SERVANT-LADY

"RUBIKON" gives in this, "The Servant-Lady," a delightfully new picture of the ULTRA Modern Domestic Assitants and the mild shocks she gives by her aggressive modernism.—Ed.

By "RUBIKON."

I don't know why; but I got up earlier than usual.

You know the struggle is to be out of it; once you have jumped up, you come out of it, as quick and eager as if you were one of our clever convicts coming away out of the jails in sheer contempt of the Judge's sentence.

Morning duties: lightly dressed; making up my programme for the day while I am in Madras: a vague expectancy for letters from anywhere from the Pacific ports—Yokohama or Nagasaki or Tokiyo or Shanghai or Singapore, because this is the Mail-day from the Far East;

Then a bit of remnants from the orgies of the night: a few bits to finish up from the Papers read last night; the tail end of the J B Priestley's novel you would like to finish. the Circular Letter you had thought out which might be put into some shape to the Agents all over the East: a small remittance I wanted to send to that Japanese Dancer, Jessame Sweet: so many things thought of, when about to sleep a real sleep: all these were coming up in the morning with their claims.

Well, you cannot shirk: you have made their friendship over night:

Tap-tap-tap on the door of my office-room.

"Come in, please," as usual.

The door opend.

In came Miss Alaka, as I came to know in the chat I had.

"Well, Madam," I stared.

"You are Mr. Jambu's friend; Mr. Jambu desired me to see you," said Alaka.

Yes, Jambu *is* my friend. Quite sure: but what does Jambu mean by sending me a lady like Alaka? For the life of me, I could not guess.

"Evidently you don't seem to be clear about why Mr. Jambu sent me down to you?" asked Alaka.

I admitted.

"Here is a letter from Mr. Jambu. I dare say that will make matters chain up together with the forgotten links in between."

I opened the letter:

"Dear Dhig: Didn't you tell me sometime back you wanted somebody to help you with tidying up things at home? Well, here's a body, she is tidy enough. I swear she will help you be tidy:

You know the dictum:

Tidy is that which Tidy does.

There you are.

Good luck and Tidy Time for you.

JAMBU.

I looked up: "That's really kind of Jambu, good fellow. Yes, Madam, I did tell him about some help I do want, I mean........"

"You mean cooking?"

"Well,.........Yes"

"What are your other requirements?" asked Alaka in a very quiet way in which there were no shy shadows of convention or reserve.

"To look after the place when I am not here."

"Well, where do you go, then?"

"To China or Japan or San Francisco or nearer to Siam or Sing'pore."

"How long do you stay away?"

"Months on end. But what I do not......" I did not know what to say.

"Mr. Dhigambar, I do not understand why you cut short at the tail end of your ideas. You can be frank with

me. Else it might be a waste of time for you, and for me as well."

"To be frank, then, I had no idea Jambu would send a person like as you," I began.

"You want some body to cook?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I can do that as well as anybody else," Alaka assured.

"You! cooking!"

"Certainly, why not? Well, you tell me, Mr. Dhigambar, you are a widely swum soul over the seas of the Pacific, Arabic and Oceanic. But, you haven't shaken off the old old idea that a cook, kitchen and cookery must all be sooty dusty and Cinderelly—"

"Well, you have guessed me somewhat," slightly apologetically.

"Why, sir, cooking can be done as clean and gentle and respectable, as if you were working in your library or at your piano."

"Certainly, Madam. But you have got to know it," I asked her.

"Indeed, Sir, we do know how to eat : and to make ready the material on which we work at at the dinner table. You seem to be in the days when Men and Women were trained and taught whether they needed it at all or not, just to occupy our schools and give a chance to our Chancellors and other gold laced and animated fossils."

"That is splendid," I remarked.

"Not only that: we take a pleasure in our work: We don't think low of our duties. I am Miss Alaka of Home Modern Sisterhood."

"Yes, "H M S," ah, "H. M. S.", I have surely heard of that. But that there, I thought you learnt to despise men and look upon them as things to be shut out from your Cranford of H. M. S."

"True, we don't like many things men are doing. But they have to be set right; that is all. I don't suppose anybody teaches "Hating" as a special study."

"Miss Alaka, we shall get to business, as you desired. I haven't the least idea as to what would suit you. I should be happy to hear you. As I said, I swim about a lot in distant waters. When I am here I live and grub and breathe as you do here. Fill me up when I am here; when I am not, keep up this fit, and that is what I want. What do you want, Miss Alaka?

"I take up the charge of the Home though you must completely unlearn to think of me as the descendant of your old cooks,"

"Yes, I shall."

"You must give your "Home Assistant" as we girls call ourselves when we take charge of duties like this, a place for herself."

"Agreed,"

"That will be my retiring chamber."

"Yes, you can have it."

"Mornings I take exercise. I see you have a tennis court That will do for me. You can give me some games when you are down here; or, the marker will do as well."

"Yes, you can use the court."

"Then these days I take milk, fruit juice, and raw eggs with a spoon of port; my breakfast is more of vegetables than of meat, because meats affect the skin; my lunch is milk and plenty of cream and fruits; tea I can have with you, if you stay at home. At nights, I have plenty of sweets along with *chapathis*. I don't start sleeping without a cup of warm Nectraltine.'

"Well—but I am not myself given to......" I began.

"You think I am asking you for things which you are not accustomed to yourself?"

"Yes, Miss Alaka. I live a very simple life—"

"I haven't finished, Mr. Dhigamber. I want my clothes to be cleaned at the Paragon Laundry. I don't care for others. My personal requirements, I must have them as usual."

"Really, Miss Alaka, I had no idea of all this. And what do you require for your work?"

"We don't believe in grabbing at any fixed amount. Now let me see. Have you little ones?"

"No, I was married and lost my wife in ninety days. That was two years ago. I have no wife or children."

"Well, our H. M. S. takes what can be given, not what can be taken. The figure is a portion of what you get: Just as you spend on your dress and dining and dwelling according to what you get.

"You mean a portion of my takings?"

"Exactly. In your case, it will be a tenth of your income."

In my wanderings on both the coasts of the Pacific, on the strand of three Contiments, and the Islands of the South, this is a new angle at which I was made to look at the Problem of domestic duties.

If that is what "H. M. S." is doing, I shall not be the pig in the poke in taking in Miss Alaka to look after my home.

It was all curious as it was amusing, So, at least for what Miss Alaka so breezily stood for, doing Home Helping to pull out old jammed ideas from my head.

"Miss Alaka, I wanted a servant maid; don't be offended......"

"No harm: it is not your fault, to think like that, go on."

"I was going to say you are the Servant-Lady if that won't offend you. But, the best thing is to say, such accomplished assistants like you are Home-Helpers."

"Yes, we are."

I handed over charge. And when I am here at home, I have to see that Miss Alaka's personal needs are all served!

A man advertised for an office boy, and in due course a bright little fellow presented himself.

"What is your nationality?" he was asked

"Breetish Sir," was the reply

"And your father's nationality?"

"Breetish, Sir"

"And your mother, too?"

"Yes, Sir, Breetish."

"And what is your name?"

"Jack'Obbs, Sir,'

"How do you spell, your name?"

"J A C O B S, Sir"

The Dawn of a Great New Wonder of the Age.

Brain-Birth of the New Congress Swaraj Party!

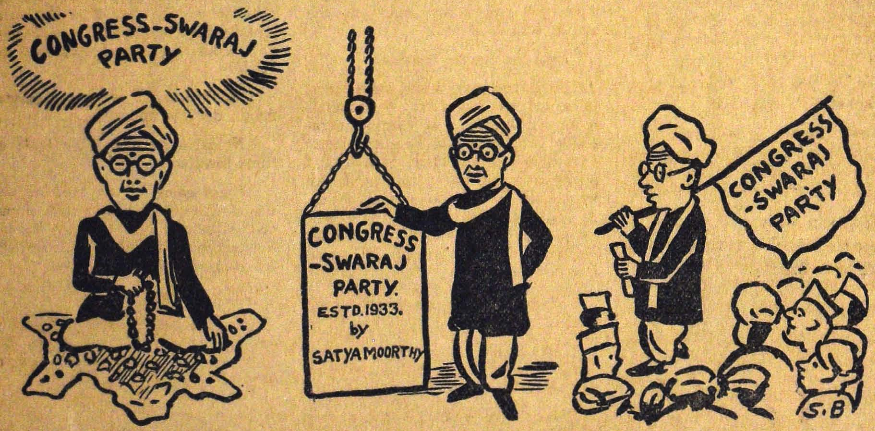
A Gloriously Comic Contradiction of Ideals.

Quite Enough to Shock Das, Nehru & Tilak.

Satyamurti, Its Founder, Father and Fighter.

Satyamurti's Latest Short Cut to Legislative Council

Wanted only Pliable Patriots to follow Satyamurti



Sjt. Satyamurti : "Friends, Congress-Swarajists, and Countrymen, No, don't discuss; patriots don't doubt or discuss, Does anybody discuss with Mussolini? Or with ...tler? Or, with Dolfuss? Or, with me? Only lend me your ears. Follow. We must ... the Council. For your sake I shall enter the Council. Once I am in, see how I serve the country. Remember, I too went to jail like the Nehrus and Naidus and ...s."

Hi... enter

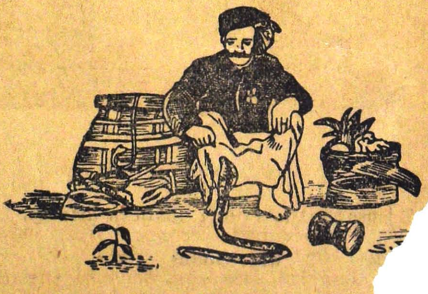
OUR HONOURED HERITAGE

It is a varied and interesting gathering and we shall see—

To begin with, this type, a deserving one; but, once you are spotted, you will not be released till you release something in Charity.

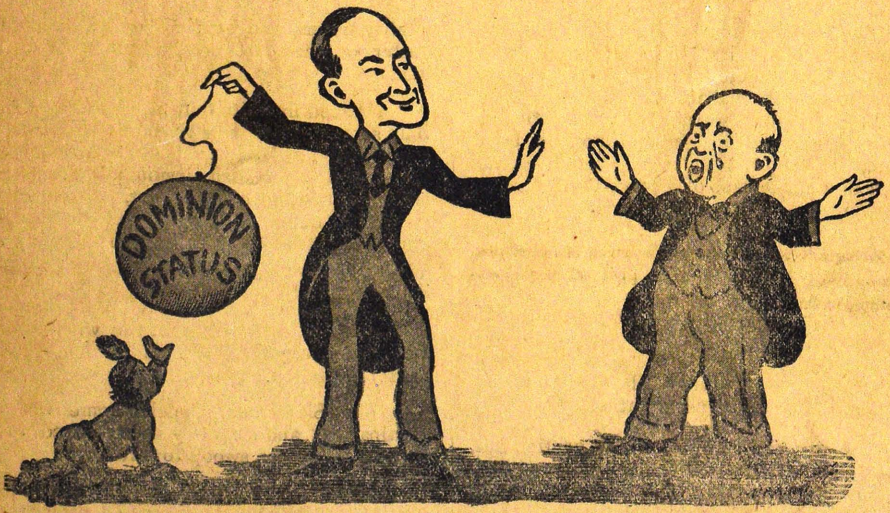
Nor is this "budu-budu" man, less of a nuisance; you will be forced to purchase peace at any price.

But this pair is one of authority: the dasaris—they claim your charity as a right, as they bestow a blessing in return.



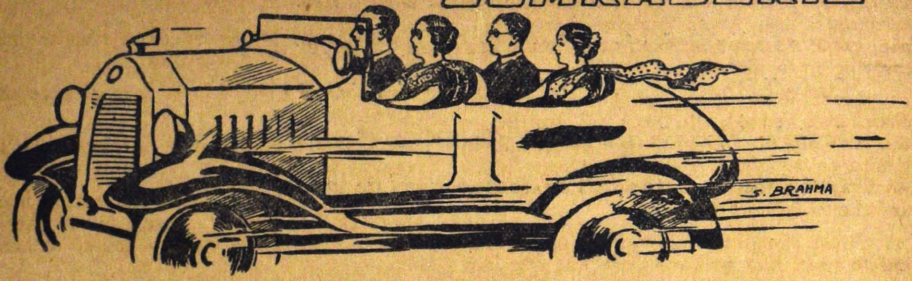
Though the snake-charmer may claim charity, he gives you entertainment, magic, and thri

Poor Sir Samuel Hoare ; 'Tween India Baby & Churchill.
Hoare has to please India Baby & Churchill.
Poor India Baby is not asking for much after all !
Only " Dominion Status " as other Empire Babies !
India's demands are Moderate for the Present Day World !
But Churchill too has to be appeased as well.



Sir Samuel Hoare. " Well, India Baby, Yes, I shall give you this coloured ball. But, Churchill, look here, don't be anxious, I am just dangling it before the Baby. You know the Baby has to be appeased as well. Its demands are not quite unreasonable too. You know the present times. You can't put off long the Baby's demands too long."

COFFEE CLUB COMRADERIE



By "Orb."

The Neo Sivananda Lunch Home was one of the latest of its kind, advertised with the blare of trumpets, blazing crimson posters pasted over all available walls, in daring defience of the warning "Bill stickers will be prosecuted." The bill posting boys seemed to know, that there had been no report of a single case of a precedence against them in the Madras Law journal, or the Madras Law Times—a sort of intuitive legal knowledge I should say. Even a few trams have been taken over and pressed into its service. With their pillars all of them covered with green leaves, and the sides of the tram holding huge boards with huge and bright letters belching forth 'Grand opening day. Come one, come all, unrivalled in excellence, Try once and be satisfied."

The city was thrown into a gentle, but pleasant confusion. Almost every one wanted to see if it was all that it announced, read, sung, roared and bellowed itself to be. Try once, the Hotel announces, guaranteed satisfaction, it adds. Some argued the idea on the basis, that people died only once, and they never did it again. Perhaps they do it so thoroughly, to a perfection, the one and only thing that no mortal ever made a mess about.

Arasu, a smart lad of the fashionable set of twenty five summers, neatly dressed, looking as beautiful and as well made up as a safety razor, a perfumed soap, Hazeline snow, perfumed pomade, comb-as unbreakable as the mighty atom, and Currimbhoy, the tailor and cutter of the elite of Madras, could make him.

Dressed in white flannel trousers, and a blue serge coat, shining Summit collor, and a most intriguing tie, arching away from the collar, and losing itself inside a white waist coat, and last but not the least, a 'Gold Flake cigarette hanging in an irreproachable fashionable angle of his mouth ; Arasu was at once the *beau ideal* of society. Proud of his clothes, proud of others' admiration, Arasu looked about the whole world through his tortoise shell glasses, and he thought the whole world would be happy for this little service he was rendering them ; gratis.

The Sivananda Lunch Home was his destination; and a motley host seemed to be making a bee-line swoop towards it.

It was a grand place, the Lunch Home. The sight of the Hotel blazing in multi coloured myriad bulbs.

Arasu threw away the stub of his cigarette and entered the Hotel. It was filled and still filling. The clatter of metal plates, spoons, china cups and a Babel of voices greeted Arasu. And he could also smell the combined odour of sweets, savouries, strong coffee, thick tea, *pansupari*, incense, flit and phenyl.

Arasu turned his tortoise shell glasses around the place. He saw a table where

another young man dressed like him in the height of fashion dicussing a savoury, and looking into a mirror nailed opposite. The young man was trying to decide, both how his appearance pleased him, and how the dish was savoured. And Arasu thought, that he had not come to any decision, and was still carrying on the debate.

Arasu went up to his table, drew his chair close, and sat wlth his arms resting on the table, his hands joined together, his chin resting on the hands, and his eyes very loftily dividing its attention between his companion and the sweetmeat stall.

Arasu thought it was time he got someone to serve him, and lo! there was the boy

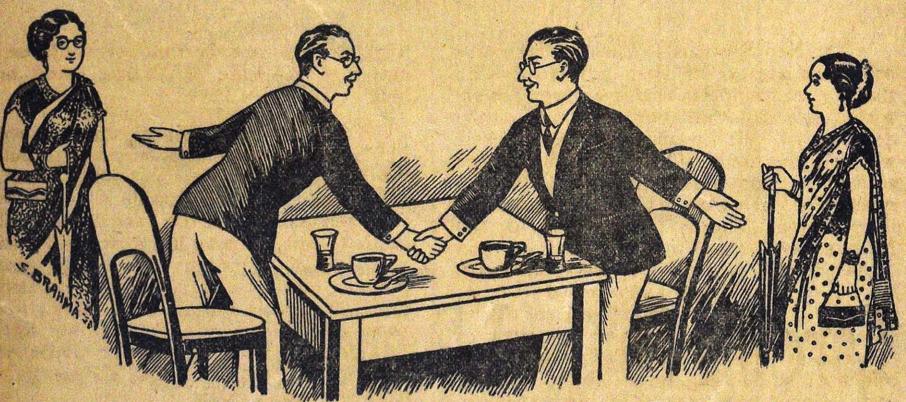
"There's awful noise here. I shouldn't have come, but my friend was rather particular to meet me here; and I couldn't say "No" to her," said Nathan, reposing a bit of confidence.

"Hallo! same here. I'm also to meet my girl here" echoed Arasu,

"Darned spots these girls pick up eh!' mused Nathan.

"Well! ours' is not to reason why, but to do and grumble."

"........out of the girls' earshot old man" said Nathan, giving Arasu a bit of caution, which he thought would be useful to him in life.



"My friend Arasu : Miss. Sushila."

dressed in spotless white, with folded hands "Saar whatee wan Saar" says the boy.

"Bondas" says Arasu staring at the boy.

"*Bondas*, no good. Try *Bajjis*."

Arasu turned round, it was his companion talking to him.

"Thank you my dear friend—boy! get me *Bajjis*, as my friend says...." Arasu turned towards his companion.

"I am Arasu..........."

"I am Nathan"

Arasu and Nathan shake hands.

Arasu and Nathan were discussing 'kings and cabbages' over the storm of their coffee cups; when they were interrupted by two girls coming up towards them from opposite sides.

Nathan rose and without even looking at the girl said, "My friend Arasu: Miss. Sushila."

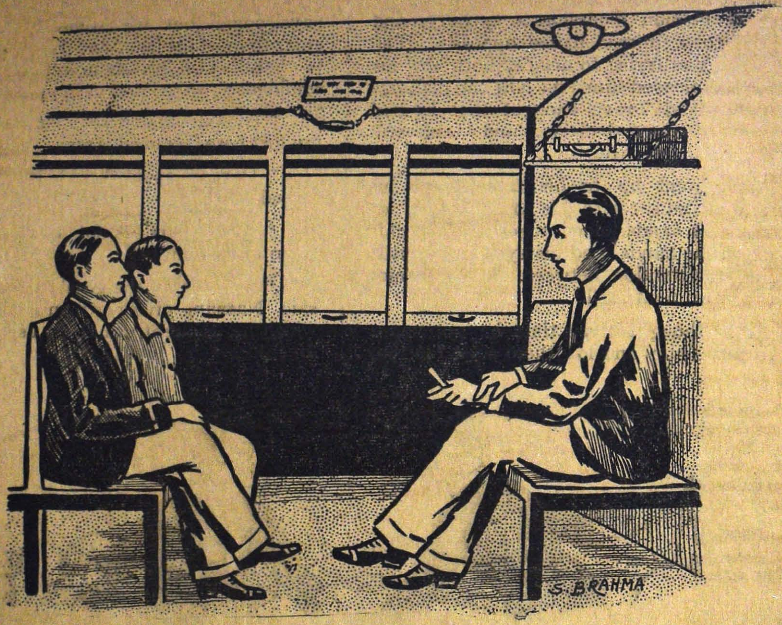
Arasu on his part without looking at his girl said, " My friend Nathan : Miss. Janaki."

Nathan looks at Janaki.

Arasu looks at Sushila.

"That's my sister" chorus both Arasu and Nathan.

(See page 14.)



With his small suit case near, Gore was chatting with his two companions.

Gore The Polished Rogue

— By VIM. —

Yes, Gore!

Have you seen him? Do you know him?

If you haven't seen Gore, you argue yourself unknown to Fashion. You argue yourself unknown to what is modernism. It is your own fault.

You cannot miss him—no matter if Gore is jammed in crowds of thousands—Gore is born to make his mark.

There is nothing old about him which is not newer than the newest, or which is not more stylish than the most stylish

That is Gore!

That was the first time I saw him. I sighted him; on the platform I had taken my seat in the Second with my friend Niranj. We were bound for the Hills.

It was nothing particular.

Niranj had spent a mint of money in England: had taken some nice degree in Gas Lighting: not sure that was a degree: yet much better than a degree, I should say: our diplomas have only a parchment or some imitation of it to boast of: Niranj's Diploma or Certificate, you can please yourself with any name you fancy, the scroll had any amount of shining gilt about it, not to mention the half-a-dozen rich colours worked into it, with a broad border: he had paid £40 in good English money: not only that, on the Contiment, he managed to gather Degrees of Doctorate in quite a dozen Universities: wonderful patience my friend Niranj had; his father's is even more wonderful seeing that he paid £ 30 on the average for each Ph. D. or D. C. L., not to mention the travelling; the preparation at each University in the shape of Dress, Dinners, and Dancing Parties, which Niranj stood with his large heart and long purse.

Only natural that his loving father, Vidyabhushan Bahadur, member of our Legislative Council should try

to make the best of his influence with the Party in Power and get Niranj fixed up in some decent job, no matter whether it was the Railway, Postal, Revenue, or any Department, where due value and weight would be given to the dozen diplomas, and his own position as an M. L. C., loyal to the Party.

Niranj too was very decently rigged as befits a youngster who is to occupy a high place in the eyes of his countrymen: his suit cases proclaimed the taste and position of the owner,

But I am Mary's little lamb; where Niranj goes, go I must: We never part; Niranj would not think of it, and Mr. Vidyabhushan would never tolerate Niranj going out without me for a moment.

Not that Niranj was a lad never to be trusted to himself: true, we had plenty of poetic accounts of how he took life in Europe romantically; we were asked to get ready to receive a white Mrs, Niranj: But, when Niranj came back, we missed the colour of white lady although we had the smell of strong whiskey whenever Niranj chose to treat our nostrils that way.

I had a small axe of my own to grind. With my double degree in my pocket, I was unable to cash it into money in Firms or Public Offices: Only I managed to secure two letters to the Supreme Ruler of the Registration Department and another letter to a Prince of Petroleum business.

Candidates propose; Bosses of Ooty dispose: So with my two letters on which Great Expectations were built up. I found no difficulty or sacrifice in keeping company with Niranj.

We saw Gore!

From my compartment, through the crowds rushing and running, with haste and hurry writ large on their faces, we found ourselves focussing our eyes on Gore: he was not to blame: there was that—indescribable—indefinable—in him that arrested our eyes to him.

He stood for a moment.

It looked as if he saw, stared and even staggered: but, he did hesitate for a moment as he stood with a small suit case, while the porter laboured under his more serious and weighty boxes.

He cast a look round like a pencil of rays of the lighthouse: his eyes fell upon our next compartment.

Straight, he made a dash for the next one; opened the door and jumped into his seat.

"Yes, put them there, good-fellow, here is a rupee for you," he said to the porter.

"No change, sir."

"No change! Ah, that is what it is. Fancy fat folk demanding change from these poor hard worked fellows for the rupee that is given them. That is why he is pleading that he has no change. Simply humiliating to hear a fellow-man say that;" turning round to his companions in the compartment, he asked, "don't you think so, my good friends?"

They were young fellows: but one of them answered, "But, sir, don't you think a rupee is too much for a couple of cases like yours? The porter will also help so many other passengers and make money."

"Why, my young friend, let him make money. Where is the harm, Sir? Where is the harm, if each gives him a rupee?"

"Why, that means he will make about 10 Rupees a day, or about 300 a month—a great deal more than what

there was that in him—that arrested our eyes.

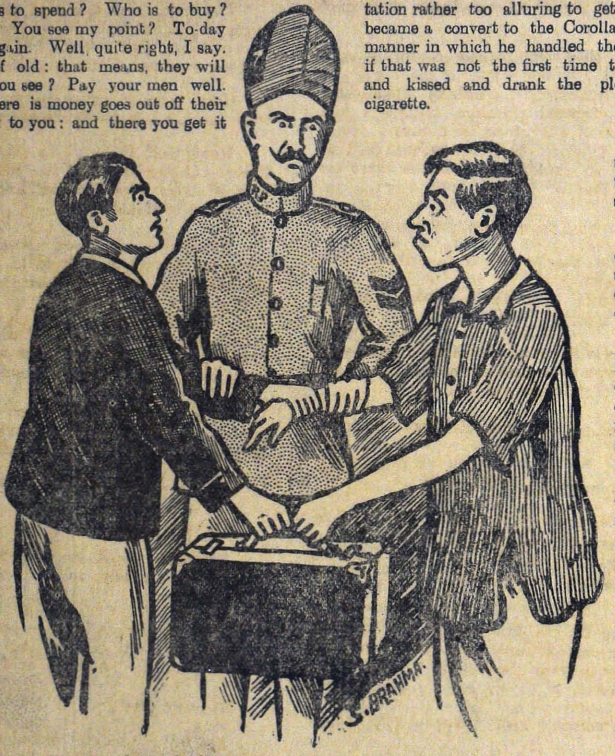
we fellows in the college ever hope to make in our living days ."

A loud laugh by Gore.

" Yes, yes," started Gore, " that is the whole joke of it. That is the whole curse of the trouble to-day. You all want to make money ; save money by using machines and starving men. Every man wants to sell and make money. I ask, who is to spend ? Who is to buy ? Who is to pay you ? You see my point ? To-day America is drinking again. Well, quite right, I say. They will spend as of old : that means, they will make money. Do you see ? Pay your men well. They will spend : there is money goes out off their hands ; it comes back to you : and there you get it back after its tour of making everybody happy and full on its way."

That is Gore's Philosoply or Finance or Economics.

His two companions smiled : in such cases, as in more serious cases too, smiling means consent evidently. And the consent wrung out at the sword point of eloquence and argument, soothed Gore into a break of illustrations he trotted forth in support of his ideas of Production and Distribution.



box and claimants, the policeman takes charge of

Niranj and myself, we could hear distinctly what was going on in our next compartment : the talk was so nutty, and Gore had two eager listeners-in, though he had not the slightest idea that one of his audience was a widely travelled fellow with so many diplomas, that he could make an ample overcoat of them and yet have some to spare: and that the other was a double graduate—I mean, myself—with some decent knowledge of the world—with even expert experience of the Vanity of Human Wishes based upon University Degrees.

By this time the train began to move: gathered speed ; posts by the way began to vanish, as if they it was that were pulled by the puffing Billy ahead of us.

Mr. Gore now started being a regular traveller: that is, he put his small suit case above his head in the rack there : drew out his cigarette case ; set one between his lips—one match-stick, one stroke, a shy tiny flame as deftly screened by fingers as a purdah lady is by her saree to delight the eye of her lord—curls and wreaths of aromatic smoke—" Will you have smokes ? No, why—you don't smoke—these are lovely smokes—smoked only these all these ten years ; never hurt me or failed me, these Corollas ; you can sing or talk, even the better for these. I like young chaps don't smoke ; but, if they do,—and why shouldn't they, I ask—they should smoke only Corollas." with that exhortation rather too alluring to get over, one of them became a convert to the Corolla cult ; and from the manner in which he handled the Corolla, looked as if that was not the first time that his lips wooed and kissed and drank the pleasures of a virgin cigarette.

" Mankind does things by mere contagion," said a philosopher.

We laugh, cough, carry or spread T. B. or the comma germ just by contagion.

Well, Corollas had just began to discourse their aroma only to incite my friend Niranj to draw out his pipe ; he had learnt to draw inspiration, and smoke, and black teeth gums, from his pipe while he was in Europe as part of the high scientific training for which Mr. Vidyabhushan paid so heavily.

Niranj settled down in a corner with his pipe by mere contagion.

The running train opened out a small loose door between ours and Gore's compartment : we could follow Gore's chat as well as if he was with us.

" Well, my good friends," again started Gore—

' Well, Sir, may we know who you are ?" asked the two youngsters with a timid apology, as it were.

" I—who am I ?—surely, friends, it is easily answered. I am a cultured vagabond—a wanderer for the poetry of Life—a dreamer of the firmament of philosophy ; I don't know if I have made myself plain, have I ?" asked Gore.

" We can't pretend to have understood you, sir."

" Have you heard of Gore ? No ? Does not matter I am Gore—a small individual, friends, quite a small being : but I don't mind it : I rub shoulders with mighty

ones—there is that trunk—did you notice the poor fellow hauling it up here?

"Yes, the porter evidently found it heavy."

"Quite right. You did notice it, then. Poor fellow, he did carry a load—but little did he know that it was a literary load—how—could he? In our Capital-stricken world, it is a sin for a man without money, to think of Arts or Philosophy—to me they are the very breath of my life," Gore was soaring.

"We thought so from your generosity to the proter,"

"It is nothing, gentlemen, it is nothing. As a matter of fact, I ought to have shared with him whatever I had. What I have in excess of what others don't have, I regard as downright theft. If laws were as they ought to be, I am to be punished for all these things—that is what my Religion demands of me."

"May we know what your religion is?"

"It is nothing but Service—not to Something unseen or unseeable, but something you can very much feel for—I mean—You, my Brothers and Sisters—Man," rather in a serious key befitting a pulpit.

"Even this case with me contains some of the select lines from the best poets who could not escape these ideas of the true Religion of the Service of Man."

He handed the suit case by his side to the two passengers.

"This is also a heavy affair," they said.

"Books, friends, books—to carry books is no joke. My favourites—my—never-failing friends whom I never miss; in my travels by air, land or water; they keep me company," another Corolla lighted and Gore drew puffs of peace and rest.

"We have our Temple too—we too regularly visit it—we too worship—we too carry our offerings; we too have our ceremonies just as our friends of God-service have," went on Gore.

"Temples and worship—really! where is your temple, Sir?"

"Our Temple is the dwelling of Man. Where he lives and labours, we have our temple—where he suffers, we offer our puja of Service—where he hungeres, we carry our offering—we divide what we have with him that hath not—do you follow me, friends?"

"But surely, Sir, hardly one in a million will do exactly as you think," the two doubted.

"Right you are."

"And, Sir, what about these that share their belongings with you? Do you think that people who are very wealthy—the real rich—would share with you their pile? If you alone divide what you have, you will simply impoverish yourself—the world would be no better, only one more pauper would be added to it," the two asked.

"That is very true, good friends. True, there is no use in one solitary soul playing the game. I quite understand what you mean." Gore had a hearty laugh—a long pull at his Corolla—"but" started Gore," the point in this great Religion of ours is this getting the very fat ones to bleed till they come down to the average—that is a point to which I am giving perhaps my whole life and my whole soul and thought."

The train came to a top: the dinner halt it was; people rushing out to the dining rooms; butlers bringing in trays of drinks, light refreshments and the confused cry of the cheaper caterers for the poorer passengers.

Gore's companions started paying some attention to what they had brought with them for the night's repast.

Niranj and I started at our boxes, but not before Niranj, out of respect for the polished manners he had acquired in his Foreign studies, had gulped down three or four glasses of double whisky.

Niranj's box was a thing worth carrying to the Angels—such a splendid range of things to please and fill the inner side—Gore sat passing his hand over his favourite suit case—

Niranj, always the soul of courtesy, now pleasingly roused by what he had taken at the buffet, was going to invite Gore to share our refreshments.

Somebody peeped in where Gore sat—only a few seconds—a passenger seeking a comfortable seat? or, Somebody to meet a friend by appointment? cannot say.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the two youngsters.

No reply.

The figure peeped in—saw—or surveyed the compartment a bit carefully, as one would think—cleared off without a word.

"That is curious," the two said, and asked Gore, "do you know who that can be? not quite good or decent to peep in like that—not even a word of reply to our queries."

Gore sat silent.

He looked straight before him. Gore changed—the philosopher disappeared from his face—a net-work of lines ran over his forehead like the lines of the Railway at a great junction.

"I shall be with you presently, my good friends," with that Gore got up, opened the door, stepped out on to the platform—evidently for a stroll as we all thought.

That rude face that intruded came in again—and again—and one or two others—that rude face asked, "Where is the gentleman that was here?" "We don't know; he just went out for refreshment or for a stroll. He said he would be here presently," was the reply.

Bell, a second one, whistle, banging of doors—the train started—the door of the compartment was closed by the guard.

Gore must have missed—or, he must have rushed in somewhere to get in when next the train stops.

But two, three and more halts. No Gore—what could it mean—Gore's favourite box of Great Thoughts left behind. Well, we all slept.

Morning—no Gore!

The two youngsters began to pack up their things: the next halt was their station: they got their things ready to pull them down when the train stops.

What about Gore's things?

Gore's companions, both of them nice fellows—evidently brought up on Scout traditions—each wanted to take charge of Gore's things.

It began with words—each claimed the right—each thought that Gore was particularly impressed with him—we were watching—words to things—each began to clutch at the cases—the small suit case was the starting point—both pulled it as steady as the rope in the tug-of-war is.

High words brought the constable; box and the two claimants were led to the Police Chief—

Both placed their case—each gave a list of the contents of the case—though neither could open it.

It was opened—to be taken charge of.

Books—where were they?

Not a scrap of paper!

But jewels rolled in plenty of clean cloth and carefully padded with cotton to prevent clashing—about a dozen items—rings in a box—that is what the box had;

"Get me that list we got about the solen jewels," cried the Inspector.

The list contained every item in the box.

"That is splendid, gentlemen, but how do you happen to be in possession of it?"

The two explained.

A policeman's grip is hard to shake off, no matter even for the innocent.

As the two went home they said, "This is what Gore meant by his giving his whole life to getting really wealthy folk to distribute what they have to strike the average in the cause of the Service of Man!"

* * *

And that man who peeped in, ah, that must be the C. I. D. that scared the philanthropic Gore—that was the illumination the two youngsters had as they were set free by the Police.

COFFEE CLUB COMRADERIE

(*Continued from page 9.*)

Arasu glowerd at Nathan, Nathan gave him look for look.

"Dear boys you forget we'r in a Hotel, and a good many are all eyes on us. The world might be a stage, but let's keep out of the lime light," said Janaki, turning her two shining moons this side and that, and creating deep impression all round, in a most scholarly manner.

Sushila on her part was giggling acquiescence.

The girls were sipping their coffee as girls only can. Such fragile creatures, how daintily they sipped. Handsome is that handsomely sips.

"Well! Jan where shall we be off to" asked Arasu.

"Stop, old man, don't leave us, we'll have a spin in my car. What d'you say Susi?"

"Righto, let's push off" and Sushila got up. So did the others.

A little higgle haggle as to who should pay the bill, and then they push off in a sporls car; Arasu and Janaki in the back, Nathan at the wheel, and Sushila beside him.

"I was always wondering to see the kind of boy Sushila would take to" said Arasu.

"I never thought, my brother would go in for any girl, and dear me, he lands one from your family" exclaimed Janaki.

"Say! if I hadn't thought of the Coffee Club, we shouldn't have known" added Janaki.

"It couldn't have changed matters. It's just a question of time.

Nathan pulled up at Arasu's house. Arasu stepped out and so did Sushila.

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

Past, Possible and Present Mayors of Madras Corporation

WITH BHAI FUNZIN'S FULSOME COMPLIMENTS

Sincere Symapathy and Hearty Felicitations to each.

DEAR KUMARA RAJA,

You have just laid down the mace of Mayor's office; and the praises which were showered on your devoted head by your Colleagues have hardly died down yet.

To you certainly belongs the claim, or honour, as your flattering friends would put it, of having changed the Presidentship into Mayoralty.

The Mayor's chair, chain and mace and gown and other baubles were brought in by you. To you belongs the fullest credit for all of them.

If your flattering friends had given you credit only for these gilted gewgaws, they would have saved you from the amusement that the public have been entertained to by their fulsome flattery.

No, they would make out that you had achieved wonders, if not miracles.

The first of your betrayers to public amusement is the Hon'ble Dewan Bahadur Kumarasami Reddiar. His congratulating you in the Council, and his expediting this mayoral affair is of a piece with a minister who has unbushingly played the Vicar of Bray, and who has exemplified successfully the art of retaining one's job, no matter what changes take place on considerations of principles or programmes in the ministry. To the consummate manner in which our Reddiar deserted Mr. Muniswami Naidu, and jumped over to the Bobbili show, the best witness is Mr. Muniswami Naidu himself.

No wonder that Mr. Reddiar, with a record like his, should now play the flatterer to you.

Then, your own collegues in the Corporation Council: Councillor after Councillor rose, and in terms of unblushing adulation, spoke of your services to the City.

True, thousands of bulbs lit the streets every night; thousands of gallons of water were used by the Citizens; hundreds of roads were watered, repaired and metalled and made traffic-worthy; sanitary officers looked after infected areas; thousands of children were fed and taught in Corporation Model (?) Schools; thousands of people were entertained or tormented, as Dr. Krishna Rau puts it, by the Radio Broadcasting. We are asked to believe religiously that all that was due to your diligence;

Nay more.

You nave inaugurated many wonderful schemes for public good, though to the Citizens it is all a secret like the many schemes set afloat in England in the days of the South Sea Bubble.

For all such unparallelled services, the citizans' (mis) representatives are eager to feel and express as eloquently as words would permit, their gratitude all their living days.

Does it mean that you are the first to bring in all these wonders to Madras? Does it mean that your predecessors were dragging the City through darkness and disease? Can you with honesty and sincerity allow yourself to believe that you were chosen for merit and that you retire with any truth in these ludicrous and barefaced flattery?

It was a pathetic sight to see Councillor after Councillor getting up, and vying with one another to flatter you. Not even when Sir Pitty laid down the office of Presidentship was such flattery heard.

No self-respecting representative of the Citizens would have used words as some have chosen to use and fawn upon you.

It was up to you to disown all such claims to achievement in a place which goes by mere rule of thumb rotation.

For your own good and commonsense, I trust, that you feel, at least, in your heart of hearts, that the flattering words were due to your being the son of a rich money-lender; but for which, you would have been allowed to retire ordinarily honoured, sung, and wept.

I trust you realise the facts out of these fancies in your own interests.

Our Mayor Possible,
Sreeman Chakkarai Chetti,

Yours is, or, must be, the happiness of having made room to a Christian, no matter what the colour is.

As a Christian yourself, belonging to a missionary enterprise, one would think that you do feel proud of the day when your Party Friends carried out the Rotation order in a truly broadminded fashion.

You must really be proud of your friends that, by honouring a European

citizen by bestowing the mayoralty, the Corporation honoured itself.

If your mind and Christian feelings were rightly tuned, you must have rejoiced that thine eyes have seen such consummation.

But, that was not the case.

To put it mildly, you were most unsportsmanlike.

You threw to the winds all feelings of Christian outlook or broadmindedness. You created a split in your own Party just for your own aggrandizement.

You did not care for the convention and gracefulness of a unanimous election.

Your self-importance outran all feelings of loyalty to Party, preserving the respectability of a *nem con* election.

Even after the election, you did not take the defeat in good part; you would not smile over it, at least for the sake of sport;

You sulked like a petulant child; you called down the wrath of Heaven upon your friends—but, with more consideration than you had, Heaven did not come down on the heads of your enemies in the shape of roof or brimstone.

True, you got into the delusion of hugging to your bosom the story of your services.

Of your services to Labour and Justice Party, the "Indian Express" gave a true account under the heading "Nemesis" with a savage outspokenness.

In your case, the old saying comes up with a lurid moral: "Had you served those who helped you in your needs, you would not have been deserted as you did."

Let this at least serve you as a good lesson in your "services" to your fellow-citizens and in your future "career."

Our Present Mayor,

Lord Mayor Ladden,

Pitiable as poor Mr. Chakkarai must look, like the Fox jumping for the bunch of grapes, you can have the satisfaction that your choice has been accepted without any murmur. Which is saying a great deal in these days of Indianization.

Surely, the Justice Party has rendered "Communal Justice," a strong plank in its platform, for which old Champions like Dr. Natesa Mudaliyar devoted their whole lives.

True, a few friends of your rival, and your rival himself, might say so many things about the Mayoralty going to a European.

Disappointed and crushed ambition are strange irritants: when they get on one's nerves they play strange tricks with the victim.

Yet, at a time like this, it is only sportsmanlike to give a chance to the European Community—one which is so strong and so numerous in the City. The fact that you belong to the ruling "caste" has not been made a disqualification.

The Corporation, in one sense, has soared above many feelings which were fast becoming as pernicious as superstitions in our Nationalism.

Further, a European Mayor too will bring fresh views of things, and a fresh atmosphere will be created, different from what it was for a decade and more.

I wish you a successful term.

—*Wrangler.*

Noises Off

"If I had my way I'd break up every wireless set I could lay my hands on," she complained. "Never did have any time for them, and now that the people next door have had one installed, I feel worse than ever about them. I'd like to get my hands on the man who invented the wretched things!"

Her friend nodded sympathetically.

"That's the way I feel about them myself. I suppose your neighbours keep it going till the early hours of the morning?"

"Yes, they do," she replied; "but I don't mind that so much. What I object to is the way they turn it on full strength every time they have a row, and I can't catch one word they're saying."

* *

"I know a girl who thinks her husband is simply wonderful," remarked the man.

"Ah," murmured his companion, "so you've just come from a wedding?"

Mutual

The actress whose engagement had just been announced was receiving the congratulations of her friends.

One of them said to the radiant girl, "I hope you are going to be very happy."

The bride-to-be smiled. "Of course I am, Robert adores me, and so do I."

* *

Not Guilty!

A Barrister had successfully defended a man charged with picking pockets. After the accused had been acquitted he expressed his gratitude and offered to take the barrister to London in his car.

"No thank you," said the barrister, politely. "I'm afraid I haven't time."

"But," persisted the man, "if we start now it won't take long. What time is it?"

"I don't know. I haven't a watch."

"Haven't a watch? You wait a minute and I'll slip along the road and get you one."

* *

Thrifty

A young bride had four umbrellas given her as wedding presents, and decided she would change one of them, the gift of a Scots friend, for a walking stick for her husband.

She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came, and asked that it might be changed. The assistant said he was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the bride. "The name of your shop is on that label."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but that's a label for re-covering."

* *

Excusable

The teacher was examining the class to see how much they remembered of a natural history lesson given the day before, and told each child to give her the name of an animal Up went a hand.

"Well Johnnie, what animal do you remember?"

"The warmer," was the unexpected reply.

"Nonsense. There's no such animal. Sit down."

Up went another hand.

"Please, miss, I know what 'e means. 'E means the otter."

This Thing Called Fate.

(By P. G. S. Rajan.)

"There is a divinity that ends our shapes." Now who said that? Shakespeare? I don't think; though the gentlemen is said to have made a good business out of such wise-cracking, by shoving them into his plays. Or it might have been Bacon if it comes to that. Whoever said it, there it is, all true and correct. Good Lord! I remember it only now. Rather foolish of me to have forgotten it—I mean about the authorship of the saying. It was I who invented it just now. And now I have been and hedged it between quotation marks as if it is another man's. On a point of sheer argument, Shakespeare too might have perpetrated something like that. But then you won't be justified in accusing him of plagiarism. Honestly he pinched only stories; the dialogue and the rest of the scenario were his.

What I meant to say was, touching that nice bit of philosophy above, is just what it says of course, don't you know. You are right. I could not leave it at that. Such a weighty topic as this needs more explanation for laymen. One can't for instance tell one's grandmother that space is curved, and get away with it. Hence you will appreciate me when I decide to dilate upon that topic. You see it often happens that just when you persuade yourself into the belief, that God is in this heaven and it is O. K. with the world, thud comes a sandbag out of the blue, and hits you just at that point where you preserve your thinking machine. One can understand your feelings when you clench your fists and wish that Browning came to your house all alone and unarmed. Rather annoying, you know, these people saying things that are not true to reality. Perhaps god was in His heaven when Browning ground out his poems, you think, and in keeping with your sound judgment, you have Bernard Shaw to support you. Harking back to our illustration, the sand-bag in question does nothing, if it does not end your shape. At least it modifies your form if you look close enough.

Why, for instance, should our best-laid scheme should have gone awry—the one about which myself and my dear old chum, Kittu, were so keen. But that is a long story. You want to hear it. Sure, I won't bore you? Alright.

We wanted to take a photo of ourselves, and had been cherishing this idea for long. But did we? Ah! there you touch the tender spot. This thing, call it Fate, Karma, Nasib, Kismet or what you will, sat up in his bed, when it ought to have been fast asleep with at least eight sheets over it, and began nosing about, and spoiling things all round. It tried many times, by Shanker!

Once when we were all ready, it, this Fate, I mean, conspired with the launderer, and whether by paying a retaining fee, or, I know not how, saw to it that we had no dress to sit for a photo with. You can't possibly sit for a photo in a shirt, one sleeve of which threatens to come off at any moment, and a cloth the colour of which you cannot distinguish even with the aid of Raman Effect. Another time it was the photographer. Somehow he got the rash idea of getting fever just on the day we were scheduled to stare at the lens like idiots. Many were the stones that Fate slung at us. It appeared that it was putting up a Marathan Photo-stopping effort. Just why this cursed Fate should have pitched upon us for its experiments was beyond me. Was it competing for some prize? But then listen to the rest of the story.

At length we determined to beat this whatever it was, by cautious pre-arrangement. True, my wife had taken out my neck-tie to bandage a wound in the foot of my second son, which he incurred in putting up a fight with my third daughter for the possession of one of my braces. But controlling my temper as best as I could, I retrieved the damaged articles and betook myself for my friend's with my only coat and pants which I had that day got specially ironed.

You see the idea was that we should don the suit in my friend's house and saunter along to the photographer's.

So many things were involved in this.

First of all, my friend did not know how to do a tie, nor did I know to knot the bootlace. So we thought it would be mutual help, both of us helping each other in the ideal of platonic Damon-and-Pythius-style. Moreover, it was the first time we were going to wear suits.

We had purchased the shoes only the previous day, and there too Fate seemed to lurk in the corner and peep through the windows. We took special care not to let it tamper with our shopping. When we entered the shop, our idea was to purchase two pairs of black shoes; even that, only after a good deal of haggling. As soon as we encountered the salesman who grinned wide as if he had been reading the latest "Funny" and had enjoyed my article thoroughly, we lost our nerve, both of us. He showed us a sample of brown shoes, and told us that it was the best we could purchase with a look into our eyes just like the ancient mariner. We enthusiastically echoed his opinion and then began the ceremony of trying on the shoes. The first pair we found to be too tight; the second too roomy; about the third we were uncertain. But we were afraid to try a fourth one. The manager was looking at us mildly interested. We felt like a small girl who finds that the young man in the opposite house had been carefully watching her executing some dance steps on the threshold. We put up a cheery face and declared that we had got the ideal pair. The articles were duly packed and money changed hands. Though we had a vague suspicion of having heard Fate's laugh behind us, we consoled ourselves that the shoes were alright, and that our uncertainty was really due to the novelty of the thing.

No wonder then that we proudly awaited the hour when we would put on those shoes. With due ceremony and the whole family watching us, we put on everything, and came to the item of footwear. My friend Kittu's young sister was using all the four boots as cradles for her dolls and naturally Kittu was inclined to be angry. But I tactfully handled the situation by offering a piece of chocolate to the injured party, who by now was the girl and not Kittu. Then we began getting into the shoes. But the new shoes, like new brides, were rather shy. They refused to yield to our persuasions. Only then did we realize that an essential article was lacking; to wit, shoe-horn, the sort of gadget you know

along which you slide your heel into the boot. We had no time to lose. I did a bit of quick thinking which was rather my speciality. What, I asked myself, would Robinson Crusoe on a desert island or Napoleon in St. Helena have done in such a crisis; and found no answer.

My knowledge about both these blokes was a bit hazy. But Kittu's grandmother came to the rescue. She did not actually suggest a solution, grandmothers not being accustomed to wearing shoes. She had in her hand a ladle and I grabbed it. Without further ado we made the ladle-handle (now be careful: This is a tongue twister) play the shoe horn. The result was the instrument in question emerged in two pieces and Kittu's right shoe was enlarged on its stern.

The way all went well till then made us think that Fate had got the sack in the celestial scheme of things. I was wrong. Just as we were about to step out, down came a pour or came there a downpour, if you prefer to have it in the poetic line.

Now that is what I call dirty work on the part of Fate. When everything failed, it got behind us and let go a main hose of its water-supply scheme. If only Fate had come in front of us and said "Look here, old chaps! I don't mean to hurt you. But I want to keep up my reputation of spoiling things. So how about it?"

Had Fate done this, we would have sympathised with it, and supplied material for its work. Most likely we would have pointed out the editor who rejected our articles. But Fate is not a sportsman. It is this leg-theory-like business that I as a representative of humanity strongly resent. In addition to posing under many aliases, Fate is notorious for its under world methods.

Under the circs., we decided to defy fate. The rain had of course got into its moist head that it was time for the deluge and went at its work with a gusto. We stuck it and reached the studio, alas! only to find that we had been tricked again. The photographer who was evidently in the employ of Fate declared that it was impossible to take a photo in that weather. We gave him a look which was meant to burn him into ashes but which did not, owing perhaps to the wetness of the atmosphere, and left him severely alone.

We had gone scarcely a hundred yards when, believe me! the sun came out from behind the cloud where it was hiding and laughed at us most blatantly. The sunlight gleamed like the grinning teeth of Fate. It played on our face, tickled us behind the ears and peeped through our button holes at our shirt fronts. But did we mind it? No! we just ignored it and decided to strut home, so that the world at least might have the benefit of beholding us in boot and suit.

A few minutes later. I felt that my right foot was more comfortable than my left. While I was on the point of imparting this strange information to my friend, he complained that his right boot was pinching his toes. Something flashed within my brain. "Good God! Could it be?" I exclaimed, and asked Kittu to put his feet together.

Just as I was afraid! We had exchanged one of our shoes. Kittu's size was 7 and mine 6.

* *

When we got home and emerged from the shoes I found Kittu's right foot was badly out of shape. To be correct it had a new shape of its own. Kittu's face was such, that he would not have sat for a photograph just then, even if Fate had apologized. I remembered a saying for which I am not responsible.

"Cheer up, old boy!" I consoled him. "There is a divinity that shapes our *ends*!"

And have you had many narrow escapes?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, mum," replied the old salt. "I was nearly drowned once."

"Tell me about that."

"I went to sleep in the bath and left the tap running."

* *

"How much will you charge to take out this front tooth?"

"Five shillings."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I'll pick a quarrel at home."

* *

Comedian: "The last time I appeared in revue the people could be heard roaring with laughter a mile away."

Producer: Really! What was on there?"

WIT AND WISDOM.

The driver of a motor-bus complains that he has a lot of donkey-work. His engines evidently have no horse-power.

* *

If eggs are taken 40 miles above the earth, no stove would be needed to cook them. Only they would not be back in time for breakfast.

* *

Client:—"Can I bring an action for slander against a man for calling me a baboon?"

Lawyer:—"Certainly, when did it happen?"

Client:—"Four years ago."

Lawyer:—"Good Gracious! What makes you want to sue him after all these years?"

Client:—"I went to the Zoo yesterday and saw a baboon for the first time."

* *

Barber:—"Did I ever shave you before Sir?"

Customer:—"Yes, once."

Barber:—"But I don't remember your face."

Customer:—"No, I suppose not. It is all healed up now."

* * *

One very warm morning a student arrived late at school, and the teacher demanded an explanation. "You see, Sir," said the boy, "it took me longer to come here this morning because the road is longer." "What do you mean?" asked the puzzled teacher. "Well, the sun is very hot this morning, Sir, and you told us yesterday that heat makes things expand: so I think it must have lengthened the road"

* *

"Can you define Matrimoney?"

"Yes, you go to a-dore, you ring a belle, you give your name to a maid and then you're taken in!

* *

The lecturer was emphasizing the demoralizing effect of divorce:—

"Love," he said "is a quest: a proposal, is a request; the giving of a daughter's hand in marriage, is a bequest, and marriage itself the conquest" But what is divorce? Voice from the audience: "The Inquest"

"THE CLEVER CROOK"

By Mmm Orr.

IT was exactly 3 p. m. when a magnificent Buick Car pulled up before Messrs. Vathan & Co., the famous diamond and goldware merchants A young man of 26 or 27 dressed at the height of fashion alighted from the car, and straightway went to the managing proprietor's apartment He sent in his card, and was immediately accorded admission.

" Good evening Mr. Vathan ! ", said the respectable-looking gentleman as he stylishly took off his hat.

" Very good evening, Sir." said the proprietor " What can I do for you ? ".

" I want a diamond ring for a wedding present. Will you please show me your best patterns ? ".

" Certainly " said Mr. Vathan as he pressed a button on the table. Immediately the chief salesman of the firm appeared, and he was ordered to bring all the patterns of the diamond rings Two minutes elapsed when the salesman appeared again with about 200 varieties of rings. The visitor selected a ring after 15 minutes' minute scrutiny. " This ring I like most. What is the price, please ? " queried our visitor. The proprietor stared at the salesman and a mild smile was exchanged between them. " The ring costs 400 rupees," said the salesman. " Very good ", said the visitor as he pulled out currency notes from his pocket, counted out Rs. 400, and handed them over to the proprietor. " Please bring in your bill."

The salesman went out for the bill.

The telephone bell rang with a loud crash. Mr. Vathan took the receiver and said " Hullo ! Mr. Vathan speaking. Who you please ? ".

" Is Mr. Murugappa there ? " came the voice from the other end of the wire.

" Murugappa ! Who is Murugappa ? " queried Mr. Vathan.

" The zamindar of Genganpatty. He came to your shop just half an hour back to purchase a ring. Is he there ?

At this the visitor said that he was Murugappa, the zamindar of Genganpatty, and the proprietor appraised the speaker at the other end of the wire in the affirmative, and was informed by the caller that he wanted to talk with the zamindar.

The zamindar took the receiver and asked " Who you please ? ".

" Secretary speaking " came the reply.

" Well, what's the matter ? ".

" I am informed by the zamindarini that a pair of diamond kammals is to be purchased. Please purchase that also ".

" I have no money on hand. To-morrow we may buy that.'

" Subramanian Iyer has promised to give the two thousand this evening. Please get it and pay for the kammals."

" Is it so ? Alright ".

The zamindar put the receiver on the apparatus.

The proprietor was overhearing the whole conversation, and he was anxious to make a bigger bargain with the zamindar with whom he had already made a fine bargain for Rs. 400 on an article worth only Rs. 200.

" I want a pair of kammals " said the zamindar. Immediately a pair of kammals was brought. " Price please " asked the zamindar. Again there was the usual stare of the proprietor and they spoke in a language which appeared Greek to our visitor.

" Rs. 1500 nett, Sir " said the proprietor.

" Well " said the zemindar, " Give me Rs, 500 and send your salesman with me and I shall get two thousand from a gentleman two streets off.

The proprietor gave five hundred-rupee notes to the zamindar and also the Kammals. Both the zamindar and the salesman got into the car and rode off. A few minutes later the car stopped opposite to " Jayabhavan ' the famous restaurant. The salesman and the zemindar went in. The proprietor saluted the zemindar.

" I am given to understand by my secretary that you promised to give the balance of 2000 this evening. Are you ready with the same ? " asked the zamindar in the typical aristocratic style.

" It will be ready within half an hour " said a fellow sipping coffee at the hotel.

" Alright, give it to this gentleman (showing the salesman). It is high time for me. I shall take leave. Will you wait and receive it ?" (Turning to salesman).

The salesman knew about the respectability of the restaurant and readily consented.

The zamindar went out and drove off.

Half an hour later two big baskets were brought and were placed before the salesman.

" Here are the two thousand. Have you brought carriage or cooly with you to carry the baskets ?" asked the proprietor.—*(Continued next page ; column one)*

Seenu, The Bachelor

BY K. N. R.

MY friend, Seenu, is and will ever remain a bachelor. He was not destined to enjoy the happiness (or is it misery ? Dear Editor,) of married life. His life was full of matrimonial thrills such as those never likely to occur in the life of any one.

Seenu is aged thirty-five now, short and stout in stature, his skin dark, right leg limping, a bushy mustache covering up his mouth, and to crown all, a stuttering tongue His scholastic career was not bright and he wisely stopped with the High School.

Days were bad and Seenu became a school-master. His father died when he was young. He had only his old mother lived who always hoped that her son would one day rise to an eminent position. Now her sole desire was to see her son married to a rich girl, and to pass away peacefully from this world after fondling a grand child on her knees.

When Seenu was twenty years old, his mother began her search for brides. Girls were plenty of course but the stars of Seenu were against him. In some cases horoscopes did not agree, and in others, parents did not. In some cases the girls did not like Seenu, and in others Seenu did not like the girls. Thus years rolled by, and Seenu had to remain a bachelor in spite of himself. His life was indeed a sad one. His failures in securing a partner in his life's journey filled his heart with bitterness. Poor Seenu! Whenever he caught sight of a fair girl passing along a street, his heart would rise with the hope of coming happiness, and when he learnt later, that the girl was either married or engaged, his heart would collapse.

Seenu's adventures in quest of a wife were too many and this narrative would mention only a few.

Once he saw an advertisement in the papers that a bride-groom was wanted for a fair girl of sixteen. Intending applicants were asked to apply with photograghs. Our Seenu who always hoped that something would turn up, at once applied for the hand of the girl enclosing a copy of his photograph. What was his surprise : he received on the third day a registered letter from the father of the girl threatening Seenu that legal steps would be taken against him uuless he refrained from sending his photographs to young maidens in future ! It came to light later on, that the girl in question, at the sight of the photograph, swooned and fell, narrowly escaping severe injuries. Hence the above warning

On another occasion he missed becoming His Majesty's guest. A marriage was being celebrated in the street in which Seenu lived. The bride was a fair girl and the bride-groom was a young scholar with a frail body and a melancholy countenance.

All his peaceful endeavours in securing a wife having become vain, Seenu now thought of marriage by force. Here he saw an opportunity. He had a *thali* made ready, and mixed himself with the crowd. The Brahmins were chanting Vedic Hymns, and everywhere there was a great noise. The auspicious time was approaching, and Seenu slowly approached the bride inch by inch. His intention was to tie away the Thali round the neck of the bride at the appointed time, and then claim her as his legally wedded wife through a court of Law.

The auspicious moment arrived. The chanting of the hymns stopped. Silence prevailed everywhere. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop. The curtain fell. Seenu sprang like a deer towards the bride with a glittering Thali in his hands.

Words could not describe the great commotion. There was a hue and cry. The bride and the bride-groom fainted. Others ran hither and thither. At last the Police was called in, and Seenu was handed over. There was enquiry, and Seenu was let off on condition that he should never, in future, grace any marriage celebration with his presence.

Thus drags on the life of Seenu with no girl in his life, and in a corner of his house sits his mother praying God not to take her away from this world till she has fondled her grand-child on her knees.

The salesman was at a loss to understand what he meant. "What are the baskets? Where is the money?". The salesman thundered.

"Money! What money?" asked the gentleman referred to.

"The two thousand rupees which the zemindar ordered you to pay me" said the salesman in utter bewilderment.

"What the hell do you mean by speaking about money." He ordered only for 3000 sweets of which he has already received one thousand. Here are the two thousand sweets due to him. The devil only knows about 2000 rupees" was the reply of the man in the restaurant.

The salesman was at his wits' end. He snatched the telephone and dialled the police and reported the whole affair. In a few minutes a car with a sub-inspector and 2 constables arrived at the restaurant. After a brief discussion all of them got into the car, and rode at full speed in pursuit of the Buick car whose number the salesman remembered, was MC/K 0093. They did not have to go a long way to catch the car, for the very same car was standing before a bungalow not far from the restaurant. From the number plate, the police officer came to know that it was a taxi. The officer questioned the driver where the occupant had gone, to which he replied that the zamindar went into the bungalow, one hour back and did not return. All of them went in only to know from the occupants of the house that an unknown gentleman came by the front door and hurriedly disappeared by the back door. No other clue was available, and the taxi driver complained that the fare amounting to Rs. 24-12-0 remained to be paid.

The police are making enquiries still.

THE ELEPHANT'S CHOICE

— BY V. SRINIVASAN —

IN the Pandyan country there lived a Princess named Mangaikarasi. She was the only daughter of her father, Rajasimha, who was then the reigning king. She was a highly educated, and at the sametime, a very queer and self-willed girl. Whenever she left the palace for a drive in the town, all the male inhabitants had to make themselves scarce. She must not see any man as far as her eyes could see. Anyone who disobeyed this rule was beheaded.

It was on one fine morning, when she proceeded with her female attendants to the river Vaigai to bathe, that the following incident happened. Of course the inevitable carriage driver formed one of the party. No other male was to be seen all along the way, or at the bathing ghat. The Vaigai is not always a running stream, but people bathe in the spring water that sprouts in the little pits which are dug for the purpose When the Princess finished her bath, and got up from the spring, she noticed a sage-like person sitting on a prominent sandbank in the middle of the river, engaged in knotting together certain long grasses by their ends. Though the sage by his very avocation deserved the highest respect from a Princess ; the idea that her strict orders had been broken was very prominent in her mind. Her rage knew no bounds. She despatched her driver to ascertain who the sage was. He returned with the news that the sage was Brahma himself, engaged in his duty of tying the pairs that had to commence their lives as husbands and wives in this w orld. Mangakarasi grew furious. She considered that the sage's reply was a hoax, and to ridicule him, she said to the bandy wala :—"Run again, Sirrah, and ask him to whom he has yoked my fate. Take care that you report what exactly he says. Let us fool him to the top of his bent."

On receiving the order, the driver ran again to the sage and questioned him to that effect. That holy person, in his turn, grew doubly furious, and taking up two long darbha (reed) grasses he knotted their ends in the very presence of the driver and spoke angrily as follows. "This is the grass representing the Princess and this other represents you I have yoked her fate to yours. This is not what I do now. I have done it already on the very day of her birth. I do it again to cure her of her impertinence. She must in due course marry you."

After having spoken thus the sage rose, turned his back upon the Princess and walked away.

The tongue of the driver stuck to the roof of his mouth. How to report the news to the Princess? how to conceal it? He was at the same time a blunt man with a high sense of duty. So he was returning to the Princess very pensively. The way in which he was returning, and the long face that he had assumed after hearing the sage's reply had already irritated the Princess.

"What did that fool say, sirrah?" roared she.

"How can I reveal it before your august presence?" muttered the servant,

"Come out exactly with what he told you, or else I will murder you on this very spot."

Thus thundered Mangaikarasi, and the servant seeing no hope of escape, most submissively repeated what the sage had said.

When he ceased speaking her anger knew no bounds. The horse-whip was near her: she took it up and whipped the man right and left till his whole body began to bleed. He fell down in a swoon. It was now that she saw how cruel she had been with her poor servant. Water was poured on his face, and he came back to his senses. Fool! Fly away now for your life. You must never come back. Walk as far as your legs would carry, and get out of the Pandyan dominions. You to marry a Princess! That fool of a sage said so, and you had the audacity to repeat the same. Thank your stars that my anger has subsided and that I permit you to depart."

Of course, the carriage driver thanked his fate, and ran for his life. He never stopped till he reached the very end of the Pandyan dominions. Mangaikarasi commanded her handmaids to keep a strict tongue over the whole affair, and the whole business was entirely forgotten after a time. The poor bandyman disappeared, we know not where, and reached perhaps a country where he had not to fear the terrible whip. Several years passed away, and even the Princess and her few attendants who were her confidants entirely forgot the whole episode. The Pandyan King, Mangaikarasi's father, had a long and prosperous reign, and died in due course. His only heir was the Princess. But she could not ascend the throne. So the ministers of the Kingdom assembled together and according to the rule in vogue decorated the chief elephant of the Palace and placing a garland in its trunk set it out in search of a successor to the throne. Of course, they must get the Princess married to continue the Pandyan line. Thus, according to this rule the palace elephant was started with the necessary ceremonies. A few chosen ministers and soldiers and musicians were following it at a respectable distance. Many ambitious young men presented themselves before the beast; but it heeded them not It was journeying on and on for several days till it almost reached Trichinopoly. Near the entrance to that city, there was a big building, and on its outer pyal a fair young man was sleeping, for the day had not dawned completely yet. The elephant approached the youth and garlanded him. At once the musicians of the Pandyan band began to play. The chief Minister explained to him the fortune that had come thus unexpectedly upon him. All Royal honours were given him and he was brought with great pomp and ceremony to Madura.

The other Ministers at Madura and all the subjects of the Pandyan kingdom, were highly pleased at the choice made by the elephant. The coronation ceremony was hastily gone through

and the wedding rites also performed. Mangaikarasi was highly gratified at the sight of her lord, who was so very beautiful and grand in appearance, and thanked her stars for her good fortune. The busy day was drawing to a close. Mangaikarasi was awaiting her lord in the royal bed-chamber. After a heavy feast the world was retiring to its necessary rest. The Princess alone was anxiously busy in her bed-chamber, arranging her several musical instruments to regale her lord with music. Sweet-meats of several kinds, fruits of every description, and a cup full of milk were standing on a neat table near the bed. As soon as the door opened and her lord entered the chamber the Princess gave him a hearty welcome, and taking her seat humbly by the side of her lord, regaled him with the best music. Questions and answers followed afterwards as to the departments of knowledge with which each was acquainted, and the Princess at once concluded that her husband was no ordinary personage, but a profound scholar deeply versed in all branches of learning. The more she thought, the more she admired, and the more she heard the more she loved her lord. She had reserved for the last the question as to his parentage, as it would be most impolite to put it at the very beginning of the meeting :—" May I know whether my respectable parents-in-law are living? May I know how many brothers and sisters-in-law I have the fortune of owning in this world? May I be acquinted with the name of the happy village, country and province which had the fortune of giving birth to my lord." Questions of this sort she began to ask. And when she ceased, her husband smiled and taking off the coat that covered his body replied—"My dearest queen, do you not see the scars that have not yet disappeared? I am your bandyman that was your humble servant once. You have not totally forgotten the sage's words, I suppose. I ran away to Trichinopoly. There I was adopted by a learned mendicant as his son. He was my teacher and guardian for the last seven or eight years. Perhaps the sage was right, and your whip was what was most wanted, for it drove me away to gather knowledge, and thus to qualify myself as your husband. I thank you and your whip most heartily, and my love to you will never decrease, even by a minute particle for your having mercilessly thrashed me once. You see, fate cannot be averted. Who can avert fate?

The Princess stood spell-bound. She was, of couse, as deep a scholar as her lord. She recognised at once the superior power of fate, and begged a thousand pardons of her lord, whom she sincerely loved for all his low origin. She fell on his feet, and shed tears of joy. The whipping episode was hushed up between themselves. Even the handmaids who had witnessed it once were entirely kept in ignorance. Thus the new king and Mangaikarasi had a most happy life, for fate had joined them together. But the royal pair had several occasions to allude between themselves to the whipping incident, and laughed and loved each other all the more for it. They lived for a long time, and were blessed with beautiful children.

False Alarm

His host showed him into his bed-room.

"I hope you're not nervous, old chap," he said, "but this room is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the guest. "What by?"

"A wraith—a spectre!"

"A w-w-what?"

"A wraith—a spectre."

The guest gave a deep sigh of relief, and the colour returned to his cheeks.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said at last. "At first I thought you said a rate collector."

* *

Urgent

Answering the telephone in an insurance office, the clerk heard a man's excited voice asking if he could insure his house.

"Can I do it by 'phone?" the caller inquired.

The clerk replied that this was impossible, but promised to send a man along.

"But don't you understand?" shouted the voice, "I'll have to do it at once—my house is on fire?"

Thoughts of Pious Men

By V. Sambasiva Rao.

1. Never imagine difficulties, resign yourself to the inevitable......it is no use worrying about things that are beyond your Power to remove.

—*Phillip Snowden.*

2. The great soul is not his who can be generous, but his who can appreciate generosity without resenting it.

—*Leonard Mervica.*

3. Love can forgive all things intentional or unintentional. The only forgivable thing in a love which calls itself love, yet fails to forgive.

—*Florence Barclay.*

4. Be obedient, where obedience is due; for it is no act of meanness, and no indication of want of spirit, to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands.

—*W. Cobbett,*

5. If a person works with all his might, he cannot remain hidden from another.

—*Goethe.*

6. Habit is a powerful thing and if we begin it, the pleasure that he will derive from it will induce him to continue right.

—*W. Cobbett.*

7. The faculties of the mind, when not exerted or when cramped by custom and authority, becomes listless, torpid and unfit for the purposes of thought or action.

—*W. Hazlitt.*

8. Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of our cares, and the calm of our thoughts.

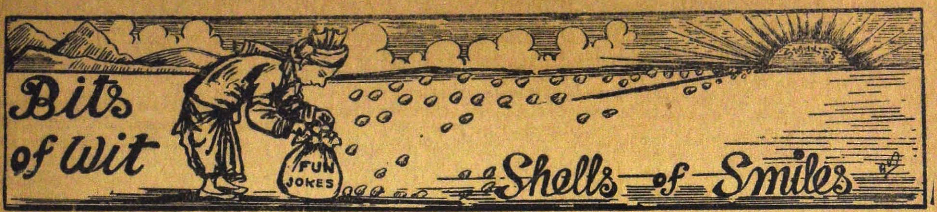
—*T. Jaylor.*

Minding your own business is like minding your own body. It is the shortest way to make you sick.

—*G. B. Shaw.*

10. What is truth? Truth is the reality of knowledge, as good is the reality of being. It is essence of life, and must be the principle object of realization of man.

—*Joseph Jenkouski.*



Tristan Da Gunha, that lonely outpost of Empire, has not, I observe, been visited for eighteen months; for, the problem of communication is a very difficult one There is a well authenticated story of the young woman on Tristan who sent to London for her wedding dress. It arrived in time to make garments for her third child.

* *

A large city firm gave a series of lectures after office hours designed to help the employees in salesmanship. They were very well attended. At the end of the last lecture, the manager made a little speech. "Gentlemen" he said, "I have to commend each one of you for attending these excellent lectures when you might have been at some of the brilliant Covent Garden Operas with your wife, or at the movies with some other fellow's wife."

* *

"Always have everything handy when you want a contract signed. If you have to go and look for pen and ink that gives 'em time to read the contract."

* *

A somewhat stout actor was late for rehearsal one morning, and the producer was annoyed. He said "Does anyone know where Blank is?" "Yes" said one of Blank's friends. "He's gone to the tailor to be measured for a suit." "Measured" shouted the producer. "You mean 'surveyed' don't you?"

* *

The very youthful subaltern was having a hair-cut. At the end of the operation the barber enquired, "Anything else, sir?" "Well," said the second-lieutenant. "I'd like my moustache trimmed. I'm afraid it's not very much of a moustache so far, is it?" "No, sir," agreed the tonsorial artist with unexpected candour "as a matter of fact, sir, I've got an aunt in Margate with a better one."

It is declared by a beauty expert that a combination of rum and onion juice is a certain tonic for falling hair. But wouldn't the taste be peculiar?

* *

Good referees, said a sporting critic the other day, seem to come in cycles. And the bad referees, of course, go in stretchers.

* *

A shopkeeper was persuaded to insure his premises against fire. After the formalities had been completed the shopman said, "Now, let me understand this properly. If my shop goes on fire to-night, how much will I get?", "Well," said the agent with a grim smile, "taking recent events into consideration, I should say about ten years."

* *

There are those who say that the only occasion upon which a golfer tells the truth is when he calls another golfer a liar.

* *

The constable called at a villa and rang the bell. Inside the house the piano-playing ceased, and a rather scared-looking young woman appeared at the door and asked, "Yes? what do you want?" "Well, Miss," said the constable. "We've just a telephone call to say that there's a bloke called Mozart being murdered in this 'ere 'ouse.

* *

When a certain actor gave up a meat diet and took to brasils and things instead, his friends said, chattingly, that he had "Gone off his head." Now that he has reverted to his former diet they say he has "Gone off his nut."

* *

Propogandist Note. A ship may be christened in champagne, but it sticks to water for the rest of its life.

A general knowledge paper was set to a class of boys. One of the questions asked was "who said, 'kiss me Hardy'?" One of the answers to this poser was "Laurel."

* *

During the holiday months the Post Office Savings Bank Officials have a very busy time, and are given some strange tangles to unravel. Here is an interesting effort. "Re my letter of the 13th and your reply of the 14th which crossed my letter of the 14th, I am now writing to inform you that mine of the 14th was written cancelling that of the 13th which I now wish to confirm."

* *

Another post office savings bank depositor wrote with masterly ambiguity: "Just a few lines to say that my book has been mislaid through getting married, and being knocked about in different places."

* *

In the days before the evacuation of the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, many tales were told of their simplicity. One day one of them picked up a hand-mirror on the beach. He gazed in astonishment at his own reflection muttering, "Heavens. it's my father." Later his wife discovered the mirror in her husband's pocket and looking into it exclaimed angrily. "So he's fond of another woman, is he? And, Lord, isn't she an ugly one too?"

* *

In the opening league match of the season, the home team were displaying very poor co-ordination, to the disgust of their supporters. Finally one of the home forwards broke away in dangerous fashion, "Shoot Jack," encouraged a voice. "Why shoot Jack only?" inquired another cynical voice. "Shoot the whole damn eleven of them."

DUTY IS DUTY

— BY PATEL ABDUL MALIK SAHIB —

A pretty wedding took place in a place near a village far off from the metropolis, whose inhabitants were mostly cultivators. There is of course an elementary school, but the children of wealthy farmers had the privilege of studying in the School up to the highest class. The bride belonged to the village, and marriage took place there. The bridegroom was studying in a College at Madras. The girl was taught to read and write in vernacular. During the first year of the marriage, the bridegroom visited the village several times, and had successfully and stealthily arranged to have a chat with his girl wife who was then on the eve of attaining womanhood, devoid of anything bad, but innocence incarnate.

Bridegroom.—I wanted to speak to you during my previous visits but I could not, as my stay was short and there were so many. I however made up my mind this time, as this is going to be the last for the time.

Bride.—Why do you say last? Wont you come again?

Bridegroom.—There is no occasion in the near future, and we will not be allowed to talk freely until you become of age, and consummation takes place.

Bride.—How to get over this difficulty.

Bridegroom.—We can manage to speak with each other by means of letters. I shall leave with you covers with my address written. Do you know to write?

Bride.—Yes, I have read up to the third standard.

Bridegroom.—It is then easy. You write what you want to speak to me, put the letter into the cover, and close it. When the Postman visits this village from the neighbouring town, give it to him with one anna. He will post it to me. I shall write to you. Ask the postman to deliver that letter. He will then bring my letters to you.

The conversation ended, and they both parted. The Bride sent a letter to her Lord through the Postman. Next morning she saw the Postman and asked whether he had delivered the letter to her Lord, believing that he takes the letter all the way to the place of her Lord.

She.—Did you get any letter for me.

Postman.—From whom?

She.—From my Lord.

Postman.—I shall do so to-morrow.

She.—(the next morning) Have you any news from my Lord?

Postman.—Yes, He says he was delighted to get your letter, but craves for your sweet kisses and fond embraces.

She.—How to send them?

Postman.—How did you send your letter?

She.—Through you.

Postman.—Then why not through me?

She.—Can you deliver it to him?

Postman.—Of course.

She.—I am ready, receive them and take them to my Lord.

Now the poor postman was in a fix. The girl was earnest, and sincere. If he should venture, and if perchance others got to know of what he has done, the effects will be terrible, but at the same time, her freshness of complexion and robustness of frame was more tempting.

"But duty is duty, and willy nilly you must do it"—a consoling idea that put the postman on his service.

Maiden Aunt (to her nephew, a poor preacher); "James, why did you enter the ministry!"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes from our readers. A prize of Rs 5 will be awarded to the best original joke received every month. Other good ones will be published in these pages with their names. Only original jokes are invited, and they alone will be considered.

Start sending Jokes for the month of January.

Last Chance

The fat man decided to try golf as a weight reducer. Armed with four clubs, a ball, and a caddie, he marched off to the links. The caddie placed the ball upon the tee. Then, with a terrific swing, the fat man whirled his club through the air. But the ball remained on its tee, while the club, meeting the earth, broke into splinters.

Club No. 2 shared the fate of club No. 1, club No. 3 emulated the evolutions of club No. 2, and club No. 4 flew into a hedge.

"What would you do now?" asked the golfer, turning in desperation to the caddie.

Holding out the empty bag, the youngster replied: "Don't give in! Hit it with this!"

* *

A man was passing a public-house when a figure hurtled out of the door and landed in the gutter.

The small fellow picked himself up and said angrily to the passer-by; "They think they can get away with that! I'll throw every one of them out! You stay here and count."

In went the little man.

A moment later a body landed in the gutter.

"One," counted the passer-by.

"No, it's me again," said the little man.

196920

Mr. & Mrs. SEENU IN MADRAS

Mr. Seenu was a clerk in a Taluq Office and was leading a pleasant and joyful life with his wife who was young, sweet and quite loving. He had a long cherished idea for Town life and his wife also supported the view, and was longing for the desired change. As good luck would have it, a friend of his, employed in one of the Govt. Offices in the Town, wanted a change for a village life. Mutual transfer was sought for by them, and their prayers were granted by the Officers concerned. Seenu had many of his friends at Madras, and he was expecting to lead a happier life with his wife after coming to Madras. As a man used to village life, he found Madras to be very congested and yet the charms of Cinemas and other entertainments had a greater fascination on him.

Every house in George Town, contained more than half a dozen tenants. As he was only a clerk, he could not afford to engage a separate house and therefore sought a portion in a house thinly tenanted. After all, he was successful in getting a portion in a house—more a Bungalow—whose owner lived with his wife and wanted a small family just to keep company with his wife while he went out on duty. He was a man of tolerable means and income, and everything connected with him was up to date, and his wife was of a modern type. Seenu brought his wife fromthe village and took possession of the portion allotted to him.

The owner of the Bungalow was Mr. Ram. Mr. Ram used to take out his wife for shopping every Saturday evening, and attended Theatres and Cinemas, and used to bring home in the evenings such things as his wife desired.

Mr. Seenu's wife accustomed to village life, was content with turmeric for her use. When she came to Madras, she first felt that she was disappointed in her expectations about the people, but subsequently she began to crave for the new change. She first started with soap. As soaps were sold very cheap, Seenu was satisfied that her desire was not costly, and that he could satisfy her. When both the ladies, i.e. Mrs. Seenu and Mrs. Ram had opportunities to develop their acquaintances, Mrs. Ram showed Mrs. Seenu all her collections connected with dress and other sundry things. Mrs. Seenu first felt shy to ask her husband for all these things; but gradually began with her indents during the first week of every month. She was emboldened to extend the same to the second week subsequently, and gradually her indents began to grow up with the days. Poor Seenu could not make both ends meet with the poor income he got. On days when he failed to raise any money to buy the indents of his wife, he used to return home empty. On all these days, Mrs. Seenu will pick up a quarrel and begin to weep. Mr. Seenu thought it better to go to office even during holidays as long as possible, and return home late, so that he may manage to cut short the music from his wife. One day she did not allow him to sleep.

Mrs. Seenu.—I have been asking you for the Benares Saree for the past one week and you have not yet brought it.

Mr. Seenu.—Well, dear, I have been trying all possible sources to raise a loan for it. I could not succeed. I offered to sign a bond for Rs. 400 to a Marwadi on an advance of Rs. 100. He declined and pressed for previous loan. What shall I do?

Mrs. Seenu.—It is always the case with males. They always plead no money. Mrs. Ram gets all things she wants. Mr. Ram also is a man. While he is able to get all her requirements, why not you? Are you not a man?

Mr. Seenu.—He is a man getting a lot of income and he can afford to buy them. What can I do, I am only a clerk earning a low salary.

Mrs. Seenu.—I did not ask you for a car. I wanted only a Saree. You don't want to buy that for me.

Mr. Seenu tried to close his eyes, as if tired, and was pretending to sleep. Mrs. Seenu began to weep and wept to such an extent that her eyes got swollen red the next

IN THIS ISSUE

FINAL SET OF

"SINGLES"

FREE CONTEST

Closing date 30th December '33

New Readers too can start to-day and Win Rs. 300

For Particulars See Page 38

morning. Mr. Seenu got quite vexed. That was unfortunately a Sunday. In the morning he soothed his wife, prmising to return with the Saree, took his meal and went out to see Mr. Gopal, one of his oldest school friends in the town.

Gopal.—Most welcome Seenu, I am delighted to see you; above all, I feel quite happy in your company and would like you to stay with me the whole day. I have just finished my meals; let us go to the Park.

Seenu.—Is it not hot, how can we go so far as the Park?

Gopal.—My house is hotter than the Park or the distance.

Seenu.—What do you mean?

Gopal.—I mean what I say. You see my house is poorly ventilated; and this is the only room which has good breeze and my dear wife would like to spend her noon here, and it will not be convenient for both of us to remain in this room.

Then they finally resolved to move to the Park under the Greens. Seenu was wondering why Gopal always used a tweed coat even in his house where it was sultry, and everyone would prefer to remove even the shirt. At last they reached the Park.

Gopal.—Well, how do you find Madras life?

Seenu.—It is a place where, if one has the tact, could earn more, and there is ample scope to spend. Honestly I might say, it is not a place for those who earn less.

Gopal.—I quite agree with you. How is your wife, does she like the place?

Seenu.—Splendidly. During the first twc months of my putting up my family, I took her to Cinema. She has subsequently learnt that there are about seven cinemas and is worrying me to take her everyday, and her requirements are getting larger and larger every day. I feel quite confused and uneasy at heart.

Gopal.—Taking her to the Cinema would not cost you much, Cinema bill will not be so heavy!

Seenu.—I did do that. But she wants up-to-date Sarees which Mr. Ram, my landlord's wife wears. Where can I go for money? In the course of these ten months I have contracted debts heavily, I am wondering whether I would see a day when I could a have clean slate,

Gopal.—Your wife is a village girl, more used to the customs and manners of the village. I envy your lot. You are aware that I have married a girl educated after the modern fashion When we treat the other sex as something below us and keep them well under control, they claim equality, and when that is given, they claim superiority.

Seenu.—Your argument is really excellent and I realise what you say. Please tell me, how did you pick up so much experience?

Gopal.—First tell me, Seenu, what is it that it ails you? You seem moody. I shall if possible expel the moodiness in you, and see if I can solve your difficulties.

Seenu.—I find in you a sympathiser, and I will tell you all I wish to tell.

He narrated everything, of his experience about his wife, from the beginning to the and, and how he had left his wife with a promise of returning home with the saree.

Gopal.—Even now, I say, Seenu you are really a luckier chap than myself. My lot is hopeless. Your wife has not learnt what my wife is doing. Your wife only weeps and my wife, do you know, whips me black and blue,

Seenu.—Now I fully understand the reason for your wearing such a thick tweed coat, shirt, banian and so on and covering yourself as heavily as possible.

Gopal.—The time is now 9 o'clock. See both the tower clocks chime nine. Let us return and meet as often as we can, and find a solace in each other's company. We are comrades in woe. Good-bye.

Read the FUNNY Magzin!

There is a certain rumour,
That Indians have no humour,
Pay down a little money
And buy the " Magzin Funny."

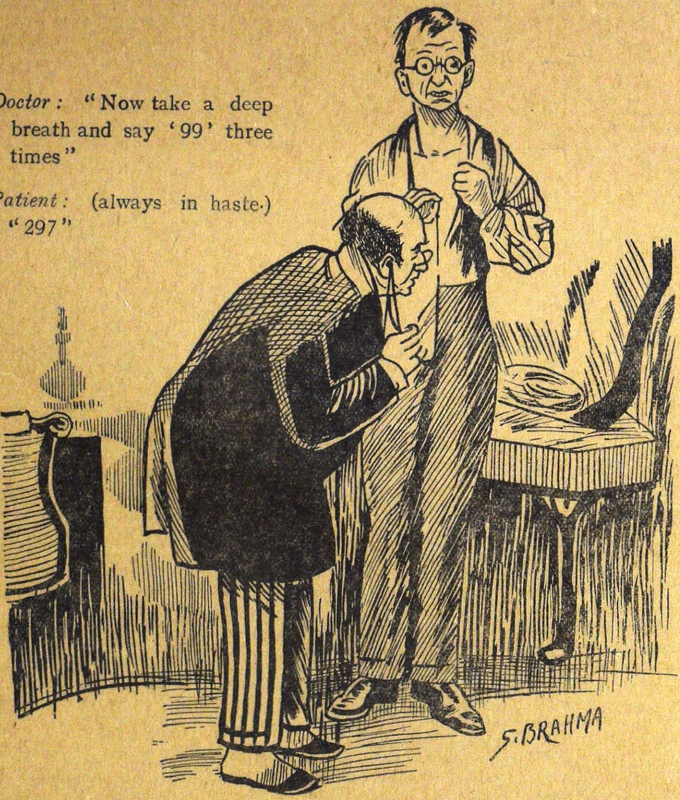
There, if you find no fun,
Call me 'a lying one,'
'Tis full of jokes and witty bits
Guarenteed to give laughing fits.

It pleases me, it pleases all,
The rich or poor, big or small,
Life is short, so make it sweet
Buy " Funny " and enjoy a treat.

"ROMULUS."

A FUNNY PUZZLE

The old man carries as many as you can find out.



Doctor: "Now take a deep breath and say '99' three times"

Patient: (always in haste) "297"

A Chicago gangster took it into his head to send his son to school.

They arrived in the principal's study.

"What ya got?' said the father.

"Sir, we offer arithmetic, trigonometry, spelling, etc."

"Waal, give 'im triggernometry. He's der woist shot in der family!"

* *

The man who meant well: "If all the public-houses in this country were placed end to end, they would reach from Glasgow to Edinburgh"

Macpherson. "Hech, mon, what a walk!"

Dialogue overheard on the edge of a swimming pool

Small boy to his mother: "Mummy, may I go in to swim?"

"Certainly not, my dear, it's far too cold.'

"But daddy is swimming."

"Yes, dear, but he's insured."

* *

Teacher: "What is meant by Hobson's choice?"

Bright Pupil: "Mrs. Hobson, sir."

* *

"I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

"Certainly, sir. Try this one on—the mirrors on the left."

He had rather liked the look of her, and suggested a run in his car. When they had gone a few miles, the girl said: "Now, before we drive any farther, I want you to understand that I don't flirt, so don't try to hold my hand or kiss me. Is that quite clear?"

The young man gulped and said, "Yes."

"Now," said the girl, brightly, "since that is settled and done with where shall we go?"

"Home."

* *

Lorry Driver (as conductor of stopping bus raises a warning arm): "All right, 'itler, but 'urry up."

Affection : : :
— AND —
: : Disaffection

A SHORT STUDY

= BY GIBBON =

A political leader once said jocularly that affection towards a communal party in power, was due to appointments which it distributed evenly or unevenly among its adherents. Naturally, this dictum also implies, that disaffection is due to disappointments. When I exhibit extraordinary love and admiration towards my party or my political readers, it may be safely inferred that such affection is mainly due to my expectation of some concrete and tangible results from the sources to which I am attached. If I fail to get the good things which I anticipate, I then fall foul of my party and its leaders, and vehemently detach myself from my accustomed moorings. In other words, my attachment or detachment are the outcome of my appointments and disappointments. Where there is no expectation, there is no disappointment.

Our Vedantists of yore, it appears, had this human frailty in their minds, when they advised mankind not to get attached to anything. Disillusion, they said, was bound to come sooner or later, and, in its wake, disappointment and misery. A Minister of the Government is respected, honoured, saluted salaamed, applauded, garlanded, presented with addresses in silver caskets of exquisite workmanship, and entertained at costly tea parties so long as he continues to be a minister and draws his Rs. 65,000 a year. But, from the very moment his ministership ceases, the cushioned saloon is withdrawn, and the army of officials and hosts of clerks at the Secretariat bid him good-bye, his admirers, adherents, and factotums, one by one drop out, his erst-while beaming friends become rather cool and scarce, and the ex-minister finds himself deserted and desolate, devoid of every vestige of ministerial pomp and splendour. At such a state of affairs, no doubt the ex-minister gets disappointed. According to the teachings of the Vedanta, if he had kept himself detached from his artificial surroundings during the heyday of his office, realising that temporal glory is but a passing pageant, there would have been no disappointment and bitterness.

Take the case of Mr. X. Mr. X. joins the ministerial party with the sole object of becoming a honourable minister in due course. He thunders on the platform, sings hallelujahs about the achievements of the ministers, boosts up everyone of his official patrons, defends the blunders of his party in season and out of season, and waits at the doors of the powers-that-be, day in day out, all with the view of getting into the ministerial gadi when opportunity occurs. But, alas, by some misfortune and miscalculation he is shunted off the ministerial track, and another of the waiting gang gets in. The poor man after a long and patient vigil at the fane of power and plenty, gets the shock of his life, and disappointment comes in. Instead of appointment—disappointment! Oh! what a tragedy!! If he had paid heed to the words of the Vedantist, he would not have found himself in such a sorry predicament.

There are two common popular examples for detachment. The drops of water on a lotus leaf, though resting on the surface of the leaf, do not stick themselves to the leaf, and would roll on like pearls to any side. Secondly, the ripe tamarind fruit, though it remains within its case, does not attach itself to its cover, and can easily be detached from its sheath. But the kernel and its cover of the same fruit cannot be separated in the early stage when it is raw, being inseparable, owing to tight attachment like that of a miser and his hoard. Man, if he wants to be wise, must follow the noble example of these two things.

When a titled and opulent gentleman, or a high official goes to a place, he expects a crowd at the railway platform to receive him with garlands, motor cars and other paraphernalia. When these things do not turn up at the station, he feels greatly disappointed, his vanity and pride is wounded and he becomes sour and bitter. If I go to any place, I do not expect anybody to receive me—not even a bullock cart—and I have no cause for disappointment. By chance, if anybody comes to receive me at the station, I will surely treat it as a huge joke. In short, disappointment and disaffection are the creation of one's own mind—a fantasy of a deluded creature. If a gambler who has bought a ticket for ten rupees, and wails that he is disappointed because his ticket has not drawn the first prize of £20,000 in the Derby Sweep, then his disappointment is nothing but madness. Just as an angler dangles a tiny fry to catch a big fish, this gambler attempts to fish out of the public £20,000 with his bait of a ten-rupee ticket. Such a disappointment has no sense in it.

An Aberdeen gentleman returned home from business one day to ask his wife if anything unusual had been happening. "Aye", replied his wife, "the meenister called for a subscription to the kirk and I gave him a shilling... but it was a bad shilling," "Damn it, you extravagant woman," said the wrathful husband, "could you no' have been content to give him a bad saxpence?"

* *

The club bore: 'You can believe what you like, but I tell you, some of these fakirs can throw a rope up into the air, then climb up it themselves and completely vanish."

A bored member: "Can you, by any chance, do that trick yourself?',

* *

An Aberdeen gentleman bought a decrepit second-hand car which he showed to a friend. "H'm" commented the friend, "I'll bet she fairly swallows petrol and oil." "Well, no, she does not," replied the owner. "Ye see it's doon hill a' the way tae the ceety, and I can usually manage tae wangle a tow hame,"

WHAT PRICE, FAME?

— By Babu —

ONE fine morning Byron woke up, and found himself great. This morning I got up a bit late and heard the telephone bell. While I was hunting to remember a good curse to damn the blighter who rang up, my grandmother burst in, and complained that the phone was ringing for the past five hours. I approached the instrument, determined to give a verbal chastisement to the fellow who had the cheek to go about ringing up people just when they were having their beauty sleep; I found it was my editor. Forthwith I hung up and allowed him to bellow through to the exchange.

Serve him right, I say! What does he mean by disturbing me at such an ungodly hour. I looked about my room to see if I could curl myself up before my grandma came again. But the heap of odds and ends that lay on, and about my table, unnerved me. The heap was high enough to send the Everest fliers back to their fire places. The only surprise was how the table stood the burden. Out of gratitude to me, perhaps! The number of magazines, pink ones that blushed at their own audacity, blue ones that had evidently got it in the nose, red ones perhaps from Moscow, black ones that seemed to be mourning their own struggling existence, and grinning white ones—all these were enough to send me into a rage. Had the editor come in person then——well! Why dilate upon it? Anyway the morning was not bad to begin with. I mean to say, "Did Byron get so many magazines with requests for his contribution?" History does repeat itself, when you come to think of it, though it does so with a number of magazines, as in my case.

My thoughts again turned to that phone, and the editor. Just as I was wading through the rubbish, there was a hammering on the street door, and I thought that there was going to be a police raid or something. Before I could duck under the bed, my grannie had opened the door, and in trooped three gentlemen. One of them was a film director who had been trying to get my throbbing romantic smash, "Prameela and her Paramour" for his studio. Another was a Bengali writer who wanted to translate my classical work of epic nature, "Wool-gathering." The third was a reporter who was noted for his scoops. I had a suspicion that the fellow had come to extract a statement from me about the strike of dhobies at Ooty and Kumbakonam.

If you think that I was like a lion at bay, you would certainly not exaggerate the situation. I did not want to commit a triple murder before breakfast. So I hunted in my brain for the next best way of getting rid of those people. For a long time I was cherishing a vain hope of clearing the table. I thought these early visitors were a godsend. I pointed to the table just as a famous man encountered by film directors, authors and reporters, usually does, and declared, "Gentlemen! There is the table. Seek and you will find. Kindly don't upset the table" Fortunately I had the presence of mind to curb the words. "Now go to Hell" that followed this rather dignified commandment.

All the three rushed simultaneously into the room. The reporter was nimble enough to reach the table first, while the corpulant film director and the no less portly author got stuck in the doorway. Quite opposed to nature, don't you think, two people trying to get through a doorway that was meant for one average-sized human being? I betook myself away from the room and returned an hour later, having deposited two cups of steaming coffee into my inner works. As I looked into the room my first impulse was to cry out that an earthquake had occurred. The room was littered with crumpled papers, old magazines, rusty razor blades, and broken nibs So thoroughly had the gentlemen done their work I could hardly suppress a triumphal smile, for evidently they saw the joke only after their fruitless search. They had of course left in anger.

But the reporter guy made a capital story of the interview. He wrote up a sizzling story of me, my taste for onions and my grandmother's dotage So far, I could stand. But I was furious when I saw that the fellow had mentioned my using a foreign tooth-paste. It was rather a shock to my swadeshi friends. (Meaning of course friends who used swadeshi, not friends who used "Made in India" articles) I did not know what happened to the other two gentlemen. Probably they jointly pinched one of my 53 best works.

An apologetic tinkle on the phone, and I remembered the editor. I applied the receiver to one of those organs which Mark Antony wanted to borrow from the Romans, for use during his oration. There was that unmistakable editorial "Hullo!" "Hullo" I responded.

"You there!"

"There you!"

"Look here! What are you talking about?"

"Look where? I can't through the phone!"

"What the devil—?"

"If I were the devil, you won't be talking to me in such a chummy manner."

After this bit of healthy repartee, conversation seemed to flag. Again the editor took the initiative.

"What about your article on "Birth-control"? I want it for this issue. The press is waiting," bellowed the editor, as if he had inhaled a nib-full of ink instead of a pinch of snuff.

"This issue! Impossible! Demolish your press." I replied in a courteous tone.

"You won't?"

"You heard me!"

"Heard you! By Jingo! You will get it in the neck when we reveal your identity in the space reserved for your article, if you don't deliver the goods."

"Good God! Wait a moment please! I will bring the article at once. Damn you" (the last within myself).

If you still think that Fame is cheap to get, and cheaper to maintain, I should think you are——No! I don't want to be rude.

MORGAN'S BIRTHDAY

— BY "SUNCUR." —

A piece of stunning munificence on Morgan's twentieth birthday in the shape of a cheque for Rs. 1000 (Rupees one thousan, only!) closely following on the heels of conviviality and what not, put him in very high spirits that day, and Morgan felt he could go to the end of the world and face a dragon. But feeling the futility of indulging ancient lore, he decided to scour the marina of sleepy old Bombay. He had covered more than half the part of which was accepted as the regular beach sands, the resort of the fashionable and the poor alike where the industrial magnate and the debased woman jostled against pick-pockets and other common undesirable fry. Morgan whistled his way along with a shake of his head and an ever ready smile on his lips for anyone who cared to recognise him. His uncanny flair for adventure, endowed as he was with a subtle sixth sense for scenting one, was flattered at seeing a young lady beyond her depths sending an S. O. S.

The Morgan blood rose to boiling point; the Morgans were always noted for their sense of chivalry, and it was even whispered they were anachronisms, and a chip of the old block. Morgan would not consent to spoil the family's hitherto unsullied escutcheon. Out came Morgan's shoes, socks, pants, coat, tie and collar; and the shirt went the way of the other articles of dress. In less than a few minutes he was buffeting with the waves thirty strokes to the minute against wind and tide. Morgan had never touched a soda, but he gulped down the many mouthfuls of bring water with an avidity exhibited only by the abstemious.

Stentorian in his address, he cried out instructions, "Sweet young thing" (as if this was a part of them, "be quiet and don t struggle while I take hold of you; and as sure as I am living, you'll step on the sandy shore. But don't you try to throttle me.' The reply from "the sweet young thing" was straggering. "D . : . n you, why do you poke your bally nose here? Eh, you think I am done up, down and out? Don't sweet-young-thing me. I am amusing my child over there." This as the man jerked a stout thumb over his shoulder towards the shore; Morgan could see a tiny tot somewhere in the horizon waving its hands frantically and going all out as if having the fits. He showed Morgan what a stroke was like by shooting out a clear two yards. Morgan's hat jumped a clear foot above his bullet head and sat back in its wonted place again metaphorically speaking; for, that piece of head gear must be safe on the shore allowing for wind and weather.

"A *felo-de-se* is the only way out of this damned hole" mused Morgan as he dived and put a cool ten yards between him and the wrecker of his happiness.

It was a matter of a few minutes for Morgan to get into his pace again; hat set off at a jaunty angle, he swaggered off again. As he passed a beauty spot, he was put in mind of an affectionate scene, the dramatic personal of which were a young lady of decent appearance and an ugly little brat by the simple process of an association of ideas; Morgan had only to rub his eyes thrice to see the very brat walking down the way, alone, unfriended, unchaperoned. He ran his fingers through his hair vigorously, and inspired by this massage lifted the astonished ugly duckling to a good six feet nearer the stratosphere and ran to the nearest canteen as if for dear life. He stuffed him with chocolates and biscuits, hauled him on to his aerial perch again and trudged off in search of the brat's mother, feeling himself another Atlas; to do Morgan justice, it must be said that the child was a super-heavy weight for his class.

"Hullo! Here you are; your bonnie baby strayed off a good half mile from here and I had a troublous time.' (Here the human burden slipped to solid earth and played about the legs of his "mother") Persuading him to return. "The boy is a beauty; he has your soft blue eyes—" this he rattled off at two hundred words to the minute and waited for a recuperation of breath.

"Oh!"

The monosyllabic exclamation (of gratitude thought Morgan) was punctuated by a rather lusty clearing of the throat.

"But, dear me! you have made a mistake, sir. I am not married".

Dear Morgan wished he could vapourise into the thinnest ether. But the only possible human way was to beat a retreat, and it is on record that Napoleon's retreat from Moscow was a picnic by its side. "Holy Moses," gasped Morgan when out of hearing, and tailed off into sundry unprintable embellishments.

Mad with rage Morgan rushed off only to find that a sweetmeat vendor's tray was in the way of his head. It was the tray that catapulted and the wares thereof began to roll about animated by a multitudinous hive of nasty creatures. I have seen swearers in my time but I can swear that nobody could have approached with in a hailing distance of the vendor's performance, his eyeballs protruding more than an inch from their parent sockets. The record smasher cast but one look at the opposing fury, saw red and soon became a speck in the distance, "an aeon in the universe." The nearest cop congratulated Morgan. "Aye, you served him right sir; I had an old score against him," his latent feelings elated at such an unexpected pleasure.

Morgan felt himself treading on soft air, kidded himself on a successful day and so began to leg it with a vengeance. Not a mile from the scene of his triumph, he butted against Miss Holt, his colleague at Miller, Bowes & Co., and so sat down for a quiet chat beside her. He was not much of a poet, and his attempts at the poet's stuff were often victims of pre-natal miscarriage; but to-day due to the "contagiousness" (Morgon's pleasant malapropism for

HOODWINKED

— BY S. V. NATHAN —

A huge mass of pedestrians had thronged at "Santilal & Kantilal Ltd.," the Sole Distributors for "His Favourites' Voice" and "His Servant's Noise", Gramophone, Dictophone, Violophone and Telephone Records, to hear a tip from their favourite. A new consignment of the Latest Release (not, of course, political prisoners) were being demonstrated. All were silent excepting the record on the machine, and the occasional interruption by motor horns and the clatter of horses. Subbu, the walking Encyclopaedia of Gramphone Records, and all other information connected with it, was one among them. Bye the by, if you Editor, chance to miss the number of a Record, don't go the nearerst astrologer when you have Subbu near with everything in the tip of his finger. If you refer to him he will place all information as to the price of the Record, and the colour of the label. But I should beforehand, warn you, not to place much weight on his remarks about the affair. Of genius in the art, he had none His peculiar taste on the subject is attributed towards his liking "Thango Rathinamae" of which he speaks excellently, as if he was paid something for it.

In these days when openings are scarce, immediate prospects of a job for Subbu are nil. Twenty summers has not produced anything favourable to him in crossword puzzles, and similar forms of self-inflicted tortures. So he decided to start a Gana, and organize performances in aid of it. A spot of colour burnt in his cheeks at the wonderful idea. His sleepy blue eyes were more widely open than usual. He had hit the nail indeed quickly. Next day arrangements were made and handbills were distributed.

TO-NIGHT *10 p m.*

A Grand Musical Performance

AT THE

Flower Park, organized by the Celestial Musicians, Ltd.

"Hear Master Asher, The Imitator." 72 tunes and 23 Ragas at a stretch without any strain. When you hear Subbiah sing, you will rub your eyes to make sure whether he is real. So also Shunmugam and Sundarambal. Gods envy to hear. "Hear Asher Unto Death" be your motto.

Charges from Rs. 10/- to Re 1/-

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION FOR PURDAH LADIES ONLY.

C. M. Ltd.

That day's programme at the Park was the talk of the town. Gentlemen of great respect (not of Verona), Bagavathars of renown and repute, crowded in the hall early to avoid disappointment. One had to be at least a Prince of Finance to languish in its peacefulness. Every one drew an imaginary picture of Asher puffing at his Black Cigar with keen eyes shining behind horn-rimmed spectacles. Eager boys anxiously awaited to hear their favourite 'Poonka Vinodhame' and 'Chenthur Velandi.' The Grandmother clock struck ten ponderously. You can read in the face of the audience all the hunger of a cat for the canary. Suddenly a hoarse voice rose from behind the curtain and rented the air with a peculiar Raga. Some thought that "Asher" had gone insane all on a sudden, or suffering from *delirium tremens*. Everyone grew impatient at the unpleasant tip, and blowed out for Asher the Padmash. At last, exhausting his patience, a retired Police Constable entered the stage and tore open the curtain, when Alas! they saw an ASS entertaining them with his rock-cracking and melodious song. The ASS! Its prospects of logevity, God alone knows. That driving instinct of self-preservation spurred it. She ran a race, competent enough to be called to the Viceroy's Cup next time. A violent search revealed that the Invisible Asher who was none other than Subbu, who all along assumed a managerial authority had absconded, skipping safely away with the day's collection (an income which must make the Prime Minister green with envy.)

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contiguousness) of Miss Holt, he uttered a good deal, much of which might have gone down in print, uttered as it was in his Robert Graveslike whimsical manner. Miss Holt who had only partial leavings towards poets was a decided convert; her proverbial scrupulousness was thrown to the winds, and she even went to the length of committing an indiscretion, the while expatiating upon "soul sympathy." The Puck in Morgan was up, Morgan obeyed the inner urge and in less than the twinkling of an eye his fair partner was eased of her lipstick and powder-puff. The now practical Morgan drew the angel down from her aerial meanderings by whispering in her ear. "This is my birthday." She murmured a "wish you many happy returns of it" and gave herself up to musing again.

Morgan had only half an hour to go home and change for dinner at eight: it was a race against time. But a heavy hand descended on to his collar and arrested his motion; very eager to know who had verified Newton's second law of motion at his expense, he turned back to stare on a six foot four of the law. Relentless in his grasp a silent witness to Morgan's theevish propensities, he of the red helmet pulled him up for his behaviour. The victim with the rifled handbag was the next to appear. then followed explanations; and the copper had to let go his hold on Morgon unwillingly though.

Morgon flew violently to the kerb and hailed a passing taxi with all the reserve power in his lungs. He sank back into the heavily cushioned seat, and called out to the obsequious chauffeur," "A tenner is yours for the asking; drive anywhere like Hell."

HORSE RACING.

By G. Ramachandran.

Subbu :—Hello, Ram! I have not seen you in a dog's age—why, such a happiness.

Ram :—I was over to the Guindy race track and I won some money on a horse.

Subbu :—Are they running now?

Ram :—Not now, only in the afternoons.

Subbu ;—What was the name of the horse?

Ram :—Ionar (I own her)

Subbu :—Oh, you own her?

Ram :—No, I don't.

Subbu :—You told me you bet on the horse, did you not?

Ram :—Sure, I did.

Subbu :—Well, what is the horse's name?

Ram :—Ionar.

Subbu :—I can't help if you own her; that is the horse's fault. I am only asking you the name of the horse.

Ram :—I am telling you—Ionar, Ionar!

Subbu :—Is she a regular horse?

Ram :—Sure! She's got a leg on each corner.

Subbu :—Say, did you know I used to be a jockey once?

Ram :—You can be anything except human.

Subbu :—Is that so! I was a jockey once by accident.

Ram :—Everything with you must have been an accident, even the day you were born.

Subbu :—I went out to the race-track one day very early, and the men were exercising the horses. While I was looking on, a man spoke to me, and asked me if I wanted to ride his horse, because the one he wanted was sick.

Ram :—Who, the horse?

Subbu :—No, the jockey. I told him I would take the job and he took me to the house, and I put on the jockey's dress. Then I went over to the stable and took the horse out.

Ram :—For a drink?

Subbu :—No, for a race on his back. A man waving a flag commenced to shout at me, and when we were all in line he began to call me names.

Ram :—He was the starter; he wanted to see you get off right.

Subbu :—All of a sudden some one rang a bell and everyone was running away.

Ram :—Where were you?

Subbu :—On his back.

Ram :—On whose back?

Subbu :—Brooklyn.

Ram :—Brooklyn is a city.

Subbu :—No, that was the name of the horse. And right next door to me was another jockey with a horse, and his name was Boston.

Ram :—Who, the jockey?

Subbu :—No, the horse. Well, at the quarter-mile Boston was ahead of me; at the half-mile Bosten was two lengths ahead of me; at the three quarters Boston was still three lengths ahead of me, and running fine. When we got in the stretch, Boston was four lengths ahead of me, and that made me mad. But I had an idea!

Ram :—What did you do with it?

Subbu :—I leaned over the neck of the horse and I called him. Right away he pricked up his ears and I whispered to him, "Are you going to let Boston beat you?" Right away he began to run faster and faster. In a little while we came up with Boston, and in a second we galloped away from him.

Ram :—Did you win?

Subbu :—There were six horses ahead of me!

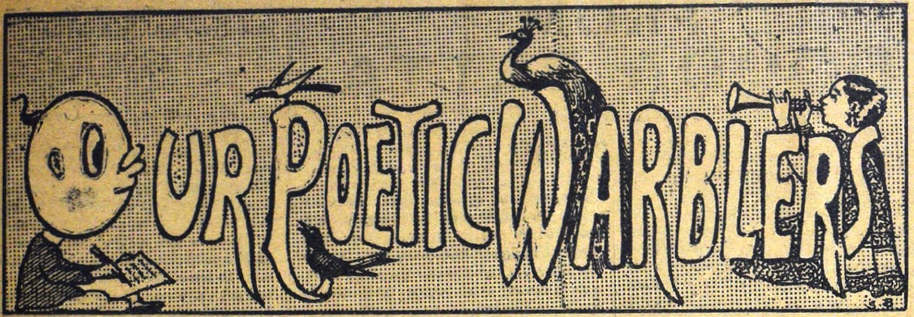
A Wild-goose Chase

(By M. P. Elampurnar)

Awfully bitter chill it was, and though the clouds had dispersed in the sky, there continued still some drizzling. It was but 7 p.m. and the celebrated Mr. Kopen C. I. D. was just returning after his daily expeditions in quest of adventure, shivering all the way. Poor fellow, he wanted to light a cigarette but had no match-box. It was yet a mile to the town and so he was strutting on hastily all alone on that deserted road, when lo, he discovered, as it were, a low dwelling just a little from the roadside. He espied a gleam of light through the cracked window-pane which was shut. He went near it and he was taken aback by some groans—groans as if of a dying woman. He was confounded. He listened closely. Some more whispering voices 'Not this one, the other knife please'etc were audible excluding one long feminine groan. His hair stood on ends. His heart beat fast. His flesh began to creep. "Undoubtedly some damn'd dark deed is going on" he thought, Automatically he took to heels to the Police-station.

In the station, there were only two constables and the others had gone with the Inspector to hold inquest over a departed soul. And the two fellows would not leave their duty to go with him. So with breathless anxiety and in angry impatience, Mr. Kopen stood there for full two hours. When they arrived, he drove with them in the same car to this supposed scene of tragedy. The Policemen peered through the window pane and the same light was burning dim as before, but a dead silence prevailed over the atmosphere. They fired some shots in the air to no purpose. They walked around the house and came at the door which was on the other side. It was locked. They broke it open and rushed in, but found no living creature within. The Inspector, who was all along standing aloof superintending over their proceedings, now boldly entered in and began his examination. They saw a bed spread open and some dishevelled clothes lying helter-skelter and blood sprinkled on it. They were all thrown in a sad perplexity as to what to do and our Mr, Kopen was only delighted for having first scented the catastrophe.

Lo, there appeared on the scene, the owner of the house in question, a poor coolie trembling and quaking before this august assembly of honourable officials. Sans question, he was first severely handled and then was demanded an explanation. He denied any such alleged crime and delivered the plain unvarnished tale of the delivery of his wife, As a matter of fact, there was no such milling in the dark. The agonizing cry was only that of his confined wife, unable to bear the labours, when the rude municipal nurse began to ply operation instruments unneccessarily. Since the nurse was found quite incapable, he had removed his wife to the General Hospital, where she is now the mother of a beautiful child. The Police people looked blue, and Mr. Kopen was sorely ashamed, for having created this much ado about nothing.



A PUBLIC SCHOOL IDYLL

— By E. N. B. Krishnan. —

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, Jam it in,
Still there's more to follow...
Hygiene and History,
Astronomic Mystery,
Algebra, Histology,
Urdu, Etymology,
Botany, Geometry,
Hindi, Trignometry,
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow !

* * * *

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan Philology,
Arabic Zoology,
Physics, Clinicology,
Sanskrit and Mathematics...
Hoax it in, Coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow!

* * * *

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning,
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brooks,
Dive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the children that they are...
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in,
That their heads are hollow!

* * *

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow:
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow,
Faces pinched sad and pale,
Tell the same dying tale...
Tell of moments robbed from sleep
Meals untasted, studies deep;
They who've passed the furnaces through.

* * * *

With aching brows will tell you,
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, clubbed it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in, and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

Dreamy Eyes.

Dreamy Eyes of child hood
That mother hushed to sleep,
Dream of haunting shadows
That 'long the wall do creep.

Dreamy eyes of manhood
That Fancy hushed to sleep,
Dream of Love and Laughter,
Of Friendship true and deep.

Dreamy eyes of Old age—
Blear and dreamier,—weep
For things that might have been,
Death hushes them to sleep.

JEAN.

FROM DODDA BETTA

— By Jai Sankar —

Approach of Yuletide.

The Approach of Yuletide is beginning to be felt not only in the plains but on the hills also. Christmas trade in such nice things as cakes and other dainty sweets is now being loudly advertised in papers and wall-posters which stare at you at every turn of the road. Just before the actual Christmas is really upon us, the entire Gubernatorial court, plus the European *elite* from different parts of the Presidency run up to the hills to enjoy the virtues of a true Christmas chill, as if one were actually in far off "Merrie England"; and to be warmed by champagne and electric radiators in the place of the good old and romantic "log-wood fire" and fine pieces of folk-lore regarding the "wise men of the East" who saw the "Rising Star" in the firmament—"The Christ to be!" In common with the mechanisation so rampant now-a-days in every sphere of "civilized" man's activities, his Christmas festivities also have been mechanised to a great extent. Yet, Yuletide is the time for every one of us "to be happy and gay" in the thought that "Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way. But to act that each to-morrow shall find us further than to-day," on the road to the "Kingdom of God" which according to that philosophical anarchist Tolstoy is nowhere else, but in you and me. Wherefore, I wish to avail myself of this opportunity to wish my brother-quills and readers a "Jolly Good Christmas" in advance: for I believe that it is always better to be earlier in the field with the message of "Peace on earth and good-will all around!"

New Mayor of Madras.

Mr. Ladden's "Ladder to success" in the recent mayoral election is mainly the chaos that has overtaken the so-called parties who are masquerading in public as "Democrats", "Nationalists", "Independents" and such like. His election by a great majority of votes is a matter for sincere congratulation. It is also an un-erring index to the large block of opinion, that does exist in our midst, to give the European, too, his chance to live in India, and serve her. Congratulations have been heaped on Mr. Ladden from many quarters, and I hasten to add mine own humble quota to the heap.

The Repercussions.

And what of the Justice party, now? The Deputy Leader of the Justice Municipal Party has been clean thrown overboard. Logic cannot lead to such an event. Some mysterious magic should have been at the bottom of it all. But somebody,—I think he calls himself "Vox Populi,"—hazarded the not in-felicitous reason that it may be the will of God that Sriman Chakkarai Chettiar should suffer in this very life for his past sins, by means of defeat and disappointment in the Mayoral race, and despair for future! Despair as to which party to cling to! Well, there is Mr. Kurup,—the new Knight-Errant,—already in the field to rescue "Dame Justice" from the distress She finds herself in at present!! Sriman Chakkarai can join the new camp as a Sancho Panza and add more and more to the humours of the fray.

Assassination of the Afghan Amir.

The murder of H. M. King Nadir Shah of Afghanistan is an outrage of the deepest dye. He was born in India at Dehra Dun, and it must be said to his credit that the modernisation of Afghanistan was quite close to his heart. No doubt, he leaves behind him an Independent Afghanistan; but what is its value when the rulership of the country is always shaky? A long series of murders and rebellions mark the progress of the Afghans. They seem to defy the pacifying influences of "Modern Civilization" with the aid of their passionate love for the "wild virtues of man." The taming of the Afghan is a task. King Nadir Shah tried the job, but a "traitor's hands" have removed him from off the stage. Amanullah escaped with his life, and the whirl-gig of time may give him a chance to return! Wait and see!

Mr. Kurup's Dart.

Mr. Kurup, Bar-at-Law, who calls himself a Justicite, has sought to give his party a legal status by getting it registered under the Society's Registration Act, without consulting the "Mandarins of the money-bag regime." The orthodox Justice party is, therefore, in a flutter. As an attempt to take the wind out of the sails of Mr. Kurup, a new constitution to the party is now said to have been drawn up by the Second Minister, Mr. Rajan, and it is to be submitted for the consideration of the non-Brahman Confederation which, they say, will positively meet in December 1933, if not earlier. Otherwise Mr. Kurup with his legal weapons will see to it that the Confederation is held—the future of the Justice party is evidently in the balance and nothing short of a miracle can save it from the awkwardness that threatens it.

"Congress House for Congressmen"

Some Madras "Congressmen" got back the "Congress House" from the Government. Of course, Mr. Satyamurthi is one of them; and he with his council entry programme is said to be trying to utilise the "Congress House" for the furtherance of *his* cause. The Congress "Volunteers" of Madras have protested against this "abuse" of the "Congress House", and pointed out to the council-entry-wallahs the error of their ways. The Volunteers have expressed their desire to march to the "Congress House" on Sunday the 29th October 1933 and hoist the tricolour on the national building. They claim that the "Congress House," is for Congress activities only and not for such "unauthorised propaganda" in favour of council entry. Can Mr. Satyamurthi & his co-workers deny that "Congress House is for Congressmen?"

A Marriage Ring

The ring, so worn as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold;
The passion such it was to prove—
Worn with life's care, love yet was
  love.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Butcher: "I can't give you further credit, sir. Your bill is bigger now than it should be."

Customer: "I know that. Just make it out for what it should be and I'll pay it."

* *

Explorer: "Have mercy on me. I have a wife and four children to feed."

Cannibal: "So have I."

* *

Sergeant: "Did you shave this morning, Brown."?

Recruit: "Yes, sergeant."

Sergeant: "Well, next time you shave, stand a bit closer to your razor."

* * *

Lady: "If you're begging something, you might at least take your hands out of your pockets."

Tramp: "Well, the truth is, lady, I'm beggin' a pair of braces."

* *

"Rheumatism," said the doctor, "causes a man to imagine that his joints are very much larger than they really are."

"H'm!" exclaimed the patient. "Then our butcher has certainly got it!"

* *

Policeman (after the collision): "You saw this lady driving towards you. Why didn't you give her half the road?"

Motorist: "I was going to, as soon as I could discover which half she wanted."

* *

Dean's Wife: "I hope you enjoyed the service, Binsted."

Butler: "Very much indeed, thank you, madam, but unfortunately I was obliged to leave before the Benedictine."

Golf Pro.: "Now the important thing for me to tell you, sir, is always to keep your eye on the ball."

Suspicious Novice: "Oh, is that the sort of club I've joined?"

* *

"I see they have taken the 8 a. m. train off this line. Do you miss it?"

"Oh, nothing like so much as I used to when it was on."

* *

"What's the matter with poor Brown? He looks glum."

"He's been contesting his wife's will."

"Oh, really! I didn't know she was dead."

"That's just it. She isn't."

* *

"Where's the cashier?"

"Gone to the races."

"Gone to the races in business hours?"

"Yes. It's his last chance of making the books balance."

* *

The chief of the firm had been to America, and was full of snappy ideas. Among his innovations was a notice on the door:

"Burglars! This door is fitted with electric alarms. If it is touched in any way the police will automatically be notified at once."

One morning, on reaching the office, he found a second notice, which read: "Thanks for the warning. We broke through the wall instead."

* *

"How much for this big dog?"

"Five pounds."

"For this smaller one?"

"Ten pounds."

"For this tiny one?"

"Fifteen pounds."

"How much will it cost if I don't buy a dog at all?"

Teacher: "Is your father kind to animals, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Yes, Miss. 'E says 'e'd like to kill the man who scratches horses."

* *

"The clothes my tailor makes last for years. Look at that blue serge suit of mine. There's an example."

"Yes, a shining example."

* *

"One wife too many!" exclaimed the wife, as she glanced at the headlines of the paper. "I expect that's about some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," said the husband, without daring to look up.

* *

The master had given a lesson on the Prodigal Son. "Now, children," he said, "who was sorry that the Prodigal Son had returned?"

From the back of the class a voice cried: "The fatted calf, sir."

* *

Wife: "What is an optimist?"

Husband: "A fellow who looks at his shirt just back from the laundry and says: "Oh, well, we needed lace curtains, anyway."

* *

The novice had hooked a very small trout and had wound it in till it was rammed against the end of the rod. "What do I do now?" he asked his companion.

"Climb up the rod and stab it."

* *

Criticized for addressing his employer as Mr. 'Arrison, an East-ender remarked: "Well, if a haitch and a hay, two hars and a hi and a hess, a ho and hen don't spell 'Arrison, I don't know what does."

U. D. T. C.

BY T. SUBBIAH RAJU B.A.

AS days advance we find ourselves more Anglicised. The hoary and age long customs have faded out of existence giving place to fashionable and up-to-date ones. You meet the Viceroy, the Governor, the Collector, your boss or anybody else you have first to say "Good morning". The starving beggar, and the toiling farmer get no food if only you wish him 'good-morning'. They must work by the sweat of their brow and earn their daily bread. But etiquette is etiquette, and form is form. I think it more advisable if only the University authorities, who are by themselves quite alive to the mutabilities of decorous forms and formalities, take into their heads to institute a course of discipline which would make the University products perfect in their work-a-day world. Often they forget either to wish 'good-morning' or to bow before the officers. In these days when unemployment stares them as they step into the world, they must receive such disciplinary lessons from such courses as University Disciplinary Training Course (which may as well be called by the name U.D. T.C.). Will not the candidate then be well versed in his discharge of disciplinary duties? Of course he will be undoubtedly selected at the first interview for the vacancy, and I am of opinion that there will not be so much of unemployment as we now experience. Then a certificate of U. D. T. C. will bet he *Sine qua non* for future entrants into Services.

The Madras Services Commission has been very generous in permitting the applicant to sit for the Selection examination, or to undergo the *viva voce* test without submitting the certificate of physical fitness. But if the University authorities will only introduce this course in the curriculam, this will form an indispensable certificate for the competitive examinations held for the ministerial services.

What is the discipline that is expected to-day? Is it not to bow and stand up before the boss and coolly pocket the well-aimed missiles of abusive language? That is the world of to-day. What of the world of to-morrow? Only a Wells can answer our query.

Once I had the misfortune of accosting one of my religiously minded friends with a loud "Good morning." I found instantaneously my mouth was blocked with an omnibus volume, probably a Bhagavatham or a Bhagavad Gita, which he was always accustomed to carry under his arm. That was the reward for a "Good morning" Indeed, it was a bad-morning.

* *

One more sweeping change that has came over every Indian Young blood is the crop. According to the length of the hair, the thickness of hair, or whatever it is, the cub is named after.

The youth, or the man of engagements finishes his bed-coffee and automatically his hands go to the glass stand for the cut-glass jar of yellow pomade, a brush and an English made comb. He massages his head with the pomade, and the hair is brought under the discipline of the comb. But if any one of them stands on its end, the brush comes to the rescue. Once, twice, or even three times the hair is brushed.

The next item of the "morning programme" as it is usually called, is the shave You find him seated before the looking glass up right, and very shortly his face will be foaming with lather. You hear a few clicks and you find the man sharpening his Valet with a leather strop. Ultra-modern razors cannot dispense with the barber's leather. How funny! The man before the glass soon presents a clean shaven face.

But I have none of these. Once when I was in the College I wanted to join the U. T. C. (University Training Corps). I was sound in health, but the commanding officer would not permit me to join till I had cleared my head of the bushy long hair and have in its stead a nice American, English, Japan or some country, crop. I preached a sermon to him and said that cropping was not permitted by the laws of Manu, as much as shaving on alternate days. The officer only laughed at my words and asked if Manu had permitted him to join the U. T. C. As my candidature was not accepted, I came out. I am not a U.T.C. and as such I was not selected as the Dy. S. P. when there arose one vacancy. Now I feel very sorry but it is useless to weep over spilt milk.

Neat and well-trimmed crops, regular shavings do also form a part of the discipline of every-day life and the U. D. T. C. would be well-advised if it has these as the necessary requisites.

But if the Madras Services Commission insists upon producing a U. D. T. C. certificate for all new entrants into the services then, within a short time, there can be seen no orthodox head with a big tuft and a grown up chin.

How valuable would the U. D. T. C. be!

Japanese Sailors Volunteer for Death

Recruiting begins shortly in Japan for a "Corps of Death." If ever Japan goes to war with another naval power, not one of this corps will escape alive.

The Japanese Admiralty has recently perfected a new type of torpedo. It is fitted with a steering-gear and room for a steersman.

The torpedo will be launched from a warship with the steersman already inside, and he will guide the missile towards the enemy ship.

If his hand is steady he cannot miss his mark. It means certain destruction for the ship, and for him also. No steersman could possibly escape alive when the torpedo exploded.

There will be little difficulty in recruiting for the Corps. Japanese men, with typical Oriental fatalism, think that to die for his country is a man's greatest possible achievement. Already many sailors have offered themselves.

They will go to a certain death...... and will make war more terrible than ever.

* *

America to have a "Devil's Island"

America is to have a "Devil's Island." Alcatraz Island, near San Francisco, is the spot selected, and on it will be kept dangerous criminals such as gangsters, racketeers and kidnappers.

There is already a military prison on the island, and the authorities declare that it is "escape-proof."

* *

The natives of Damascus refer to drunken men as victims of the "English disease."

The cavalry subaltern was dancing with a haughty and statuesque young woman and not making a very good job of it.

Presently he said; "I'm afraid I'm not dancing well this evening. As a matter of fact, I'm a little stiff from polo."

And the young woman answered, icily: "It's a matter of indifference to me where you were born."

* *

A poker enthusiast asked a party of three to his house for an evening's play. When the guests had gone the host was appropriately vicious, having lost a fiver.

As he was leaving the room, he noticed a silver teaspoon on the carpet. He picked it up and glowered at it.

"I wonder," he muttered, "which of them has a hole in his pocket!"

* *

Her Father; "It's a pleasure to meet my daughter's *fiance*. I want you to make yourself right at home here."

Her Fiance; "Thanks awfully, but I think it would look better if I moved in after the ceremony."

* *

Entering a London bar, an elderly man ordered a whisky and soda, and was about to drink it, when he looked up and noticed a painter at work upon the walls.

Immediately the customer went out without touching his drink. The painter climbed down his ladder and lifted the customer's glass.

"Hi!" said the barman, "you can't do that. That chap will be back in a minute, I expect."

"Oh, no, 'e won't," said the painter; "You see, he's the president of our local temperance society . . . and I'm the secretary."

"This girl he's marrying can swim, dance, sing, ride, drive a car and pilot an aeroplane."

"Oh, well, he's a good cook."

* *

"Daddy," said the little girl, "teacher told us to-day that the olive branch is the emblem of peace. What is the emblem of war?"

"Orange blossom," grunted her parent,

* *

"Women are fools, I never knew but one really sensible one."

"Well, why didn't you marry her?"

"I asked her, but she wouldn't have me."

* *

A Jewish business man, having had a successful year, spent a large sum in lavish furnishings and antiques and informed his wife of his intention to increase his fire insurance policy.

She burst into tears.

"Oh, Abe," she cried, "is it really necessary? I was beginning to love the old home so much!"

* *

A miner owner of several whippets, matched one of his animals against another dog in the district for a £20 wager.

The day before the race everyone was surprised to hear that one of the competitors had accepted a £5 note from the other and allowed the match to be declared off.

"Ye are the biggest fool under the sun," exclaimed a supporter to the recipient of the note. "The other dog's so lame that it can't run fast enough to beat a dust cart."

"That's all right," said the owner; "my dog died suddenly last night."

* *

"Jack has been taken to hospital."

"But I saw him out with Eileen yesterday!"

"So did his wife."

Baxter was making a call on an old friend: but, unfortunately, he was one of those people who, with the best intentions in the world, always manage to do the wrong thing.

"I declare," he observed to his friend's wife, "It quite cures me to see a little of your home life."

A stony stare from his hostess made him realize he had said the wrong thing.

"Er—not that your home life is—but," he continued—"er—er—that is to say, it makes me glad of my own home—er——"

"Mr. Baxter," broke in the hostess.

"I mean," floundered Baxter, "that be it ever so humble—er—no, but there's no place—er——Good-bye."

* *

"What did you do when your husband disapproved of your bathing-suit?"

"Oh, I just laughed it off."

Rs. 10 for writing a Letter.

Can you write a letter?

Here is a competition for you. Write a letter to a friend appreciating the qualities of Funny Mag., and send it to the Competition Editor, "Letter's Competition.," Funny Magzin, before January 15th. For the best letter received a sum of Rs. 10 will be awarded. The rest of the good letters will be published in our issue with their names. You may send in any number of letters.

FREE! NO ENTRANCE FEE!! FREE!!!

1ST PRIZE Rs. 200

Rs. 300

2ND PRIZE Rs. 100

MUST BE WON IN "SINGLES."

CLOSING DATE 30th DECEMBER 1933

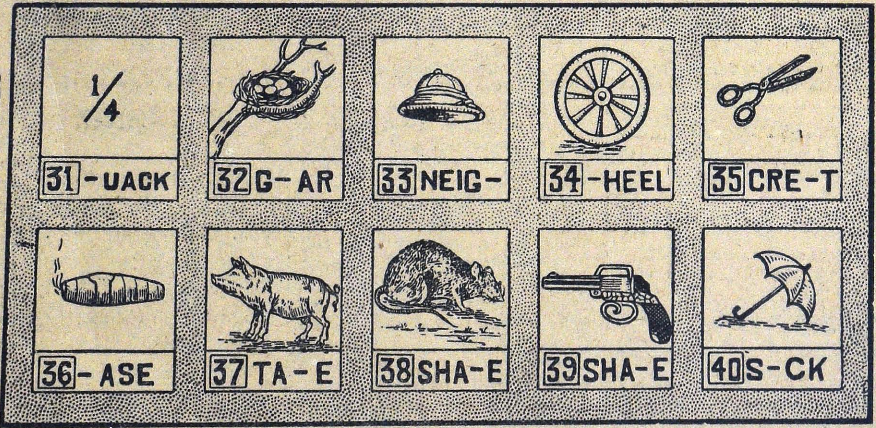
The Fourth set which is the final set of Singles contest appears on this page. The first three sets of Singles have been reprinted for New Readers.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

In Singles competition you have to find out a Single Letter only to complete the word. That single letter is the spirst letter of the word represented by the illustration given above the incomplete word. Insert that letter in the vacant Face marked by a dash, and the resulting word thus obtained is the solution. For example look at No. 31 of the fourth set. There is an illustration of 1/4. Below the letters UAC and K are printed with a dash at the beginning. The initial letter of the word illustrated is "Q." Placing the letter in the place of the dash, the word **QUACK** is obtained. The others will have to be solved in the same manner. Write your solutions clearly in block letters on the Free Coupon printed on page 40 of this issue for the fourth set only.

After you have completely filled in the Free Coupon of the fourth set cut it out along the line, and fasten it to the other three coupons of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd sets or to the entries made on ordinary pieces of paper in numerical order. Send in your solutions in an envelope, not forgetting to enclose necessary amount in stamps, if you have written on separate pieces of paper. You may send in any number of complete sets of solutions. The Closing date for entries is 30th December 1933. For detailed rules and conditions see page 40.

FOURTH SET OF SINGLES

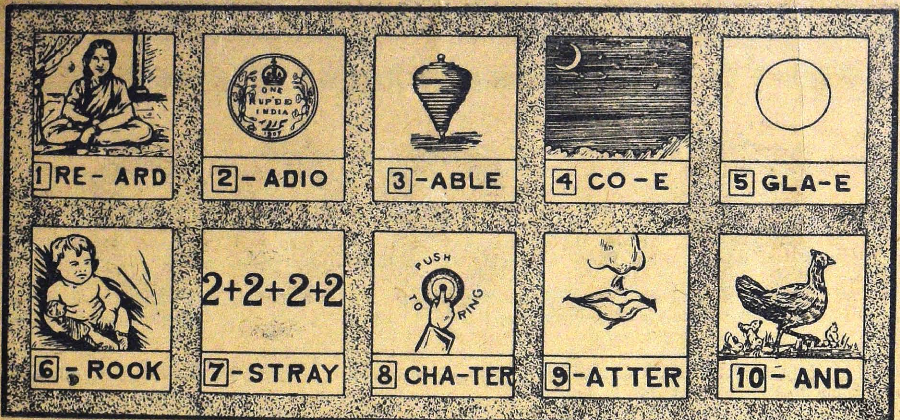


(For FREE COUPON see page 40.)

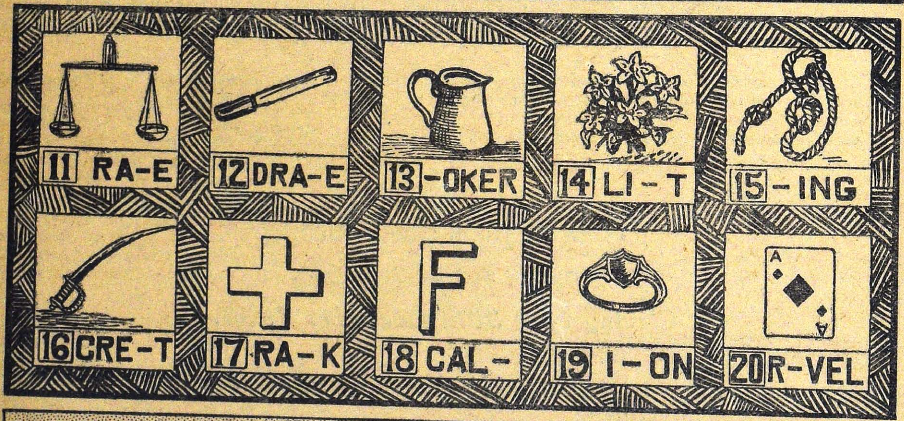
NEW READERS CAN JOIN IN!

The first three sets of Singles have been reprinted for the sake of New Readers. They can also join the competition by sending the first three sets of solutions on plain pieces of paper along with the fourth set of solution on the special printed coupon enclosing $4\frac{1}{2}$ annas stamps, beeing the value of three free coupons ($1\frac{1}{2}$ annas per coupon) they have missed. For other particulars see page 40.

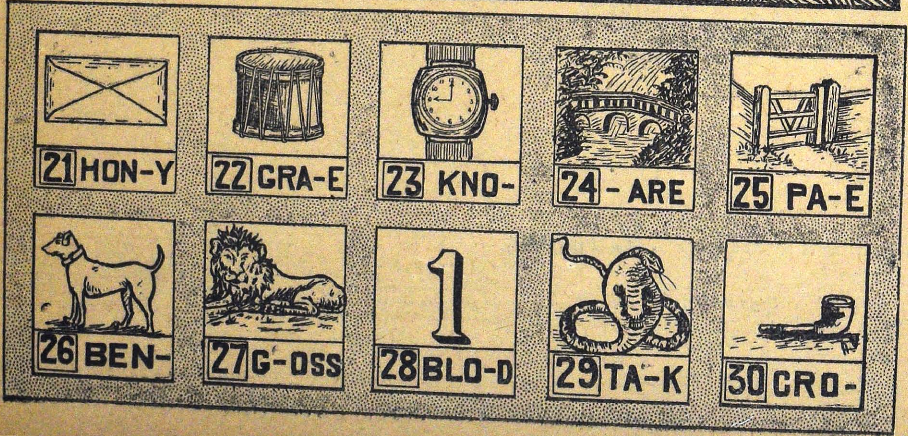
FIRST SET OF SINGLES.



SECOND SET OF SINGLES.



THIRD SET OF SINGLES.



Rules & Conditions of Singles Competition.

1. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition; but the solutions must be in the special FREE COUPON printed in this issue. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. Additional attempts can be made on plain pieces of paper similarly filled up as the coupon, with name and address clearly written. If printed coupons are not used, the solutions given on ordinary paper should be accompanied by 1½ annas for each set, the value of one Free Coupon of that set. (A complete series of Singles consists of 4 sets.) Among the solutions sent by a Competitor in an envelope at least one entry of any one of the 4 sets of 'Singles' must be on the special free coupon. If the solution on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special Funny Magzin Free Coupon, they will not be considered.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 30th December '33. Entries received after the closing date (*i.e.*,) 30th December '33, will not be considered. Entries with corrections or alternatives not fastened together in series 1, 2, 3 & 4, will not be considered.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competiton Editor 'SINGLES' FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. Each complete Series will be judged on its own merits. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In the case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.

6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin and other office publications are not allowed to compete.

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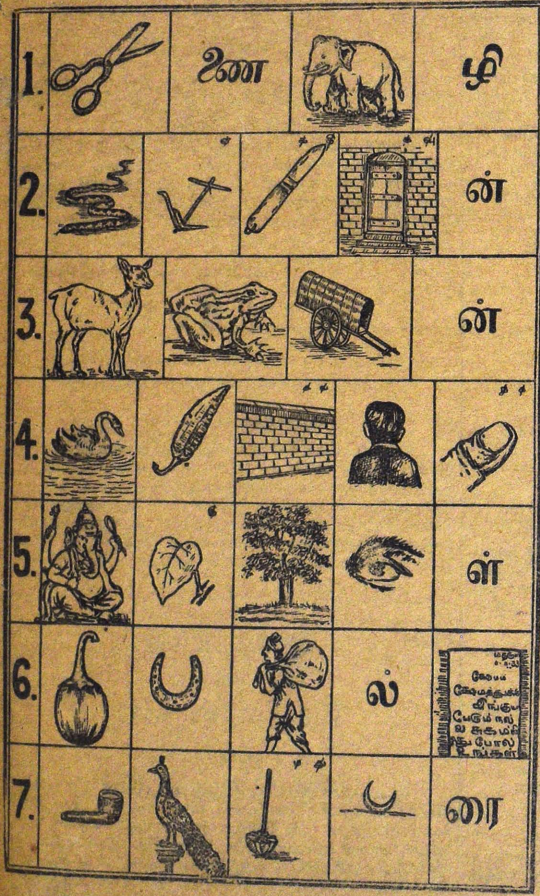

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பிரவேசக் கட்டணம் அ. 8

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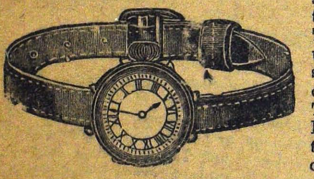

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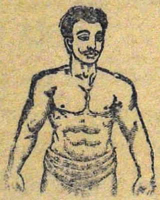

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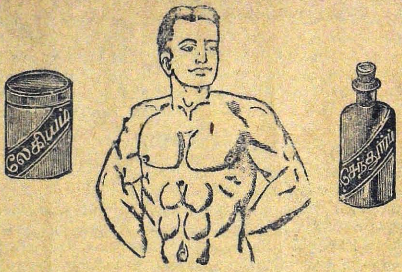

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